

# LIES, DAMN LIES AND TECHNOLOGY

CONRAD GRIMSHAW ON A HOLIDAY HE DID  
ONE TIME

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# PIZZA IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

THE MARKET BECKONED. BY JORDAN

**I** WAS BORED. I HAD TO WRITE AN EDITORIAL. I had a shorter word count than usual. I was fucking hungry. I was having a smoke. It was a recipe for disaster. It was a moment to be seized. And there it was.

I was asked, on pain of durr, to go to a boardroom. All I had to do was give my opinions on retail on campus. Sounded fine. But in fairy tales like these there's always a villain. Big on money, small on brains or passion, the University. They offered pizza, the price was an hour of my life. Only an hour, then I could go see a bad film.

A bureaucratic man entered the room, looked into my eyes, deeply. And I, mouth stuffed with pizza, looked back. We shared a moment,

a brief passionate interlude. He stood at the front of room, he used technology, the sort of technology they don't fund anywhere on campus that I go. He had a suit, the sort of suit people can't afford anywhere on campus that I go. He had an attitude, that would get you beaten up anywhere on campus that I go.

Bureaucracy stood before us. He asked pointed and pointless questions. He answered himself. He wanted to know how important price was. We said very. He said that actually plenty of students are willing to spend lots and lots of money on food. So there we sat, firmly in our place. "Would you walk all the way to forte for a coke that's 40c cheaper?" - mostly we said no. He then informed us how brilliantly Starbucks had "price pointed". I said he was stupid. I said he needed to realize that (a) Starbucks does terribly here because they don't understand the market, that is, in NZ, we do good coffee, and Starbucks is shit coffee; and (b) that offering a shit filter

coffee hardly makes them legends.

"I need to explain this to you" Bureaucracy cried. He pointed out that Starbucks only markets the expensive stuff. But if you're a povo (looking at all you students who aren't from central Auckland, fuckers) you can still get a cheap coffee. I mean sure it will be crap. But that's all you're willing to pay. The market rules. In this case the market thinks you're a piece of shit. Fuck you man, market, you don't get me.

Bureaucracy then explained that vegan lunches were too cheap. And that shops *might* be able to do cheap pasta, maybe some salad leaves. I'm filled with hope.

I walked out. Bored. Shitty. Stuffed with pizza. Worried about my hair falling out. And as always, certain that the university are fucking morons. And this "market" guy is a dick.

## DENTON'S EDITORIAL

# THE DEATH OF THE READING PUBLIC PART 2: RIP CRACCUM

BY DENTON

**T**HE WEEK BEFORE I STARTED UNIVERSITY, I met a friend of mine for advice. He told me to get a copy of *Craccum*, saying "It is brilliant, but you have to rush to get it on Monday, as they run out quickly". So I did. Being the budding 1<sup>st</sup> year Law student, I rushed to uni for my 8am lecture and the first thing I did was grab a *Craccum* out of the box. I read the magazine from cover to cover and reached a certain conclusion: it was utter shit. This was 2012. Thomas Dykes was editor of *Craccum*, and he fucked it up majorly.

Since 2012, to quote the lovely letter we received last week, no one reads this "worthless drivel". No longer are *Craccum* boxes empty by early Monday morning. It's not worth the time or money to get delivered to Law school. Half the people don't even know what *Craccum* is.

In fairness, the editors of 2013 and 2014 did a good job. I think Jordan and I are doing a good job. The piles of unread magazines don't do justice to the work the editors, the stellar subeditors and all the contributors do each week. We have had an array of insightful, well-researched and comedic pieces and amazing artwork, showing off the

great talent here at uni. But barely anyone reads it. Is this all Dykes' fault? Or is this a wider issue?

Dykes' super-socialist and extremist propaganda was completely out of touch with student interest. It's hard to sell a socialist revolution each week when students are more interested in their grades, friends and the new iPhone than global inequality. Frankly life wasn't (and isn't) that bad to overthrow our whole way of life and system of governance. Dykes' actions simply destroyed any interest my cohort had in reading the magazine. Other years had more attachment to the magazine, knowing how good it could be, and tried to oust him. But it failed, and for all of 2012, the magazine's reputation dropped considerably. A reputation takes a long time to build, yet can be destroyed so quickly. No one knows this more than the post-Dykes editors who try and find contributors for a magazine which people have such disdain for and isn't picked up.

However I don't think Dykes can be totally blamed for our waning interest in *Craccum*. There's the lack of student culture here. We don't have a community or pride with our university, so how can we expect those who don't care about the place to want to read its magazine? Unless you have a personal attachment to the magazine, the university isn't doing enough to make us want to read it, because it's not doing enough to make us want and enjoy to be here.

There's also our shift to reading online. There is a plethora of content online and something that will appeal to our interests. There is bound to be something you like online while there isn't any guarantee with *Craccum*, unless you submit content for us. Print is also always behind the internet. By the time *Craccum* is available to pick up, content becomes old news because the internet has already discussed it several times over. Plus since 2012, we've seen the growth in websites like BuzzFeed, Elite Daily etc which contains content that appeals to many students and is a lot more easily accessible than a magazine you have to scout around university to find.

But, in my fight to stay relevant, that doesn't mean students shouldn't read *Craccum*. This is the greatest platform for students to voice issues and read perspectives from similar people. *Craccum* can understand the struggles of a student, our interests and what we want from life and university. All you need to do is give it a shot. Contribute a piece, respond to pieces, get the discussion rolling. The audience is full of people like you who want similar things. Just please don't use us to start a revolution. Unless it's to make the university a more exciting place, then I'm down for that.

[Final note: A special mention should be made to Leia Senignton, whose great feature, which this editorial is directly named after, was the basis of the last two editorials. Thanks for the inspiration!]



# What a load of Crac-News

## (John Campbell RIP)

WOAHHH, WE'RE HALF WAY THERE, WOAHHHH, WE'RE LIVIN' ON A PRAYER. NEWS@CRACUM.CO.NZ

### NEWS IN BRIEF

**UK:** Britain has elected a new prime minister, Boris Johnson, due to take the job by 2019.

**Facebook:** All your friends have invited you to play Pirate Kings!

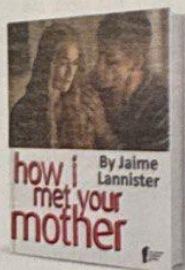
**Hollywood:** To check Bruce really is a woman, a hair expert told *Craccum* the hair was indeed real. "It's very luscious, and feels good", John Key told us.

**Europe:** Australia was allowed to take part in the Eurovision Song Contest this year after a Europe parliament passed a new policy about being nicer to criminals.

**Australia:** Following Eurovision, Tony Abbott plans to migrate Australia to Europe but not by boat.

**Auckland:** John Key's son posts topless selfie with his father which embarrasses the Prime Minister. Max Key admitted afterwards that it was his plan all along — to help get the attention away from his dad's hair fetish.

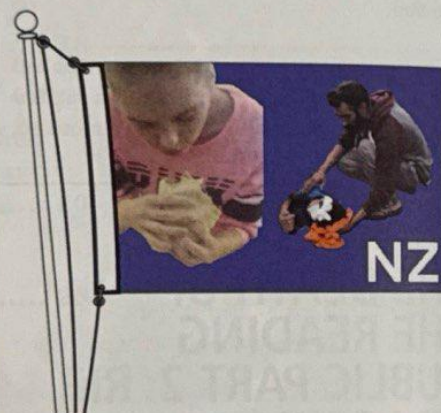
**The University:** Stuart McCutcheon Gets Salary Increase. Students taking ECON 351 are being asked to calculate the global effects of the Vice Chancellor's latest salary increase in their exams. Their answers may be used as justification for future salary increases.



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### NZ NEW FLAG DESIGNS CONFIRMED

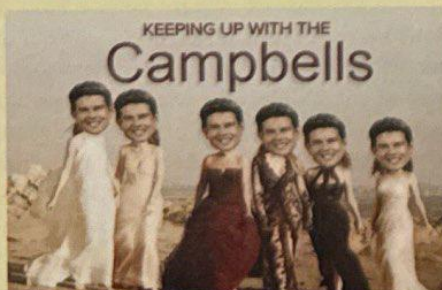
**N**EW ZEALAND HAS UNVEILED ITS TOP FOUR new flag designs, with the frontrunner a nod to New Zealand's recent high profile in global news coverage. On the classic blue background, the flag features a turban-less Sikh helping a young child, and a photo of the winner of Mad Mex's 1 kilo burrito challenge. New Zealand's Governor General Jerry Mateparae approved this design, stating that he felt that it embodied the characteristics of "a real New Zealander". John Key was also a fan, happy that at least one design didn't "feature a ponytail", after the second contender consisted of Natalia Kills giving his own updo a tug. Paul Henry is busy campaigning for his own image to feature on the flag, stating that if anyone de-



serves a shout-out, it's him or that lady with a moustache.

### CAMPBELL LIVE REPLACED WITH KEEPING UP WITH THE CAMPBELLS

**M**EDIAWORKS HAS REVEALED A NEW reality TV programme called "Keeping Up with the Campbells" will take the seven o'clock weeknight slot, left vacant after the cancelling of John Campbell's investigative news program, *Campbell Live*. MediaWorks said the new format, which will show John Campbell and his family go about their



daily life, would be more exciting for viewers, but would keep Campbell's familiar face on TV.

John Campbell said the new format is "slightly different" to what he's used to, but admitted that "no one in New Zealand cares about child poverty, Pike River or the Christchurch earthquake aftermath". He realised that what the TV audience really wants is "to see me and my family talking about make-up, lip-fillers and how to take the best selfie". For the first episode, rumours say John Campbell will release a sex-tape with an unnamed black man, in order to get a ratings boost.

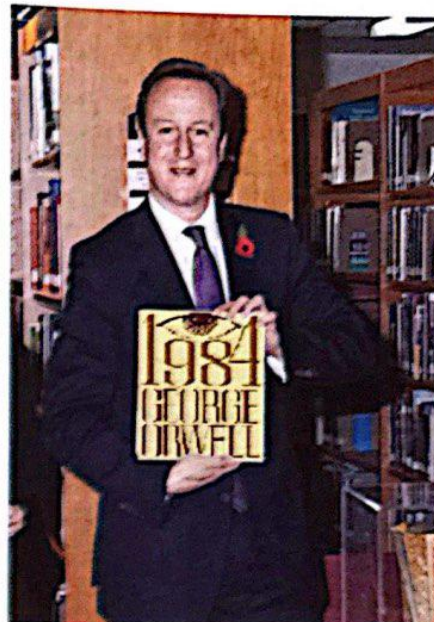
NEW ZEALAND  
**Woman's Shitty**



# DAVID CAMERON USES GEORGE ORWELL'S 1984 AS MANUAL

**B** RITISH PRIME MINISTER DAVID CAMERON was left embarrassed after accidentally confusing the George Orwell book 1984 with an instructions manual for governing. Mr. Cameron was in the process of defining "thoughtcrime", saying that the government would no longer be leaving people alone if they obeyed the law, when an aide realised that he'd picked up the wrong book and was in fact quoting verbatim from the famous dystopian novel. Unfortunately, the aide was unable to prevent the Prime Minister from promising to crack down on those holding "extremist" views,

which are defined to be ones that "differed from Britain's consensus". The British home secretary, Theresa May, in addition to supporting the controversial Snoopers' Charter, much of which was plagiarised directly from Orwell, has announced plans to allow the government to vet television programmes before they are aired. This censorship is unusual in a country that values free speech and isn't currently at war with Germany. It is rumoured that chancellor George Osborne has been using the same book as he continues to argue that  $2 + 2 = 5$  in his budget statements.



## BUDGET 2015 MET WITH STRONG DISAPPROVAL

**T** HE NEW BUDGET UNVEILED THIS MONTH BY the National-led government contained more funding for social benefits, more spending on healthcare and additional funding for transportation. Yet despite all this, the opposition says it still was not enough.

"We believe this budget is too little, too late", says Labour Finance Spokesman Grant Robertson. "The number of homeless people in New Zealand has dramatically increased in the John Key-era, hence there should have been more funding for cardboard signs and markers".

Meanwhile, NZ First leader Winston Peters

also chimed in with his own condemnation for the lack of investment on border security: "Where are the funds to build laser beams to zap away the boat people?", he asked Craccum. "I reckon John Key needs to take a stroll around Howick to realise how much the immigration problem has gotten out of hand".

Labour Party leader Andrew Little gave the opposition response to the budget in a speech to parliament that was widely ridiculed for the lack of coherency. However, in an interview with Craccum he revealed the reason for his apparent blabbering. "I was suffering a stroke mid-speech", he revealed to us. "None of this would've had happened if there was more funding given to healthcare".



## IRELAND TO LEGALISE BESTIALITY, INCEST AND PAEDOPHILIA

**I** RELAND HAS BECOME THE FIRST COUNTRY IN the world to make bestiality, incest and paedophilia legal after a shock referendum result this weekend.

Declan O'Siobhán, spokesperson for the Irish Chapter of the Baden-Powell Society for Love and Affection towards Children, expressed his organisation's gratitude to

the population of Ireland for their support. "To be sure, we live in an age where morality has become something of a more fluid concept. I mean, we have euthanasia now and we let the gays and the lesbians have their way without question and the world hasn't fallen in. This is just a logical progression really".

Conservative elements have opposed the move, citing long-standing social disapproval of such practices. When this was pointed out to O'Siobhán, he was scathing of such "reactionary" arguments. "We understand that — but it's just not enough to say that just because something has been illegal or frowned upon for the last hundred years or so that we shouldn't be able to re-evaluate where society stands on these issues".

O'Siobhán confirmed that the referendum result had rekindled enthusiasm for the Baden-Powell Society's work. "Oh yes we've had many expressions of interest in the last few weeks. Kindergartens, churches, zoos, Lollipops Playland — they're all looking for a piece of the action".



**Dog-Shagging Zone**



# INTERVIEW WITH NIKKI KAYE

**N**IKKI KAYE, CURRENT MINISTER FOR ACC, Youth and Civil Defence, is a bit of a legend. She's the kind of politician that campaigns to keep the drinking age at 18 rather than raising it (lass), went to Dunners and partied it up on the infamous Castle Street, and now is pretty much a crazy cat lady.

She's surprisingly left in many of her views, opposing mining on conservation land and supporting more cycle paths, despite being among National's higher ranked MPs.

She also once ate a chip that I offered her when she visited halls last year for her campaign. #GettingInWithTheYouth.

**Did you agree with The Bachelor's choice?** Yes. "I think she sounds like a lovely lady, so I think good choice".

**If John Key came up to you and pulled your hair, what would you do?** She said she'd remind him that she has the most marginal seat in the country "so be nice to me".

**Dunedin flat parties:** She went to Dunners for uni and was at Knox which was "pretty full on". They had "a range of keg parties,

and just general, pretty full on flat parties" on Castle Street. She said she might get in trouble if she admitted to doing any of the pranks against other halls, but "there could've been" a prank that involved Selwyn College's entrance, which she "was not involved with".

**Castle Street:** She lived at 565 Castle Street, really close to uni, and her best party memories are ones from there. "They'd just start pretty early and end up pretty early".

**Favourite drinking game:** Never have I ever.

**Have you ever smoked weed?** "When I was about 14 I did, but I didn't do it after that".

**Uni assignments:** "I have definitely had a history of the all-nighters, I'm totally that person". She said in the past she would drink a can of energy drink and several coffees to get through the night, "and then looked at the assignment in the morning and thought 'Jesus!'" because of the strange things she'd written.

**Her cat:** She has a social media-famous cat called Lily. She says has been advised to stop posting pictures of her cat all the time but



says people "want to know who you are". She doesn't think she's going to be a crazy cat lady but has argued strongly with her friends that if she has more than three, that she's "allowed to be called 'crazy cat lady' permanently".

**When you go to the supermarket, what is one food you always buy but is ridiculously unhealthy?** Diet Coke.

**First thing you do when you get home from work?** "Sleep usually", she said laughing. "At the moment I pick up Lily ... and give her a little kiss".

**Funniest thing you've seen graffitied onto one of your campaign signs?** A moustache.

# INTERVIEW WITH PAULA BENNETT

**S**HE'S A RISING NATIONAL PARTY STAR AND tipped as a John Key successor. She can match John Key in wits, charisma and an inspirational backstory. She's the honorable Paula Bennett. She smacked down Colin Craig and claimed the Upper Harbour seat from him in 2014 after having served as MP for Waitakere for six years. She's also the only MP known to publically be proud to be a 'Westie'.

**Do you find ponytails tantalising?** "No, but I do like a beard".



**You graduated from Massey University, how do you think this has damaged your reputation?** "Ha. I presume you are doing 'attack is the best defence'. Massey rocks and I just love the Albany campus".

**Should NZ have its own The Bachelorette show?** "I've only been married three years — I hated dating, I can't see the interest in watching others do it".

**Favourite moment of the Cricket World Cup?** "Taking my cricket-mad Dad to NZ vs. Australia and have him tell me that he didn't have time to meet Stephen Fleming because he was too engrossed in the match".

**Favourite Black Caps' player?** "I like Daniel Vettori. Consistent player, I love his longevity and he doesn't seem to be all ego".

**If you were the Labour leader, what would you do to win the next election?** "Join the National Party".

**If I wasn't a politician I would be....** "I think there is a difference between what I would be and what I would like to be. I would probably still be in recruitment, I loved help-

ing people find work. I'd like to be Oprah".

**What do you think of the Bachelor, Art Green?** "No idea, I didn't watch the show".

**Jono & Ben vs Campbell Live?** "I watch Jono & Ben but seldom watch Campbell — but before anyone gets too excited about that — it's only because I'm usually home with my family on a Friday night watching TV and not usually able to watch anything during the week".

Paula Bennett is the longest serving Minister of Social Development in NZ history. She describes the positive impact she was able to make in the lives of our most vulnerable as one of the highlights of her career so far. Now ranked number five in Cabinet, Paula is the Minister of Local Government, Social Housing, State Services, and Associate Minister of Tourism and Finance. She's excited by the synergy between her new portfolios and remains focused on making sure the government delivers results for hard-working Kiwis.

A special thank you to her press secretary Clark Hennessey who made this interview a breeze for me.



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## AN ENDING

WITH CONRAD GRIMSHAW

**I** LEFT OUR HOTEL AT NIGHT AND WENT OUT BY myself into the rain-stained and steaming streets of Hanoi. In front of the jerry-built shops, plastic-jandalled proprietors squatted under sagging tarpaulins or poked them with rods— heavy water breaks with sudden emphasis on the pavement. No street lights, a tangle of wires overhead, bare bulbs kept alive with hijacked electricity, and the dark tops of the buildings leaning towards each other over cramped alleyways: sliver of indigo sky visible through a thin slot— a glimpse of the world outside the vending machine. And inside it the frantic commerce of streets that seem enclosed and self-contained, air-conditioned, micro-climated, coin-operated, all major credit cards accepted. Impromptu barbeques, open fires, the roads clogged with a million mopeds, the mopeds piled high and teetering with boxes, chickens, families of 5. I stepped outside and was instantly lost. I walked down the stairs of the hotel. I turned around. The hotel was gone.

Instead there was a lake. Or no lake. A dark mass. Present or absent. Lake-no-lake. You could see the lights on the other side, but not the water — you only knew that a lake was there, that it existed, that in the middle was an island with a temple on it, that the water was cold. A road around it, tourists in their matching jackets slowly circling it, and the wild mopeds — tottering, careering, cutting corners — brushing past it tangentially on their way to somewhere else. I walked around it. I went into a shop. A woman sat behind the counter watching a tiny TV. A wide-eyed child in poignant pyjamas wandered the aisles. There was no one else. The fridges hummed and rattled like a line up of old men with bad throats. The floors were white going on yellow. Water crashed from the gutters. I left without buying anything. The woman was indifferent. At night you can only imagine what it is like, but the sun always rises, and in the morning you can

see that the lake is green or brown, can sit in a café nearby and see the rain making holes in it, can watch the reckless mopeds barely avoiding it, can see in the distance a line of tourists heading for the temple, which you now realise is not actually on an island, but is connected to the shore by a narrow path.

With mounting desperation I attempted to renegotiate the maze. The maze was having none of it. The sadistic, bullying streets. They crowded me, pushed me, tried to steal my lunch money. I asked a wizened woman for directions. She smilingly — and therefore toothlessly — tried to sell me a poncho. "You never try you never know," she said. I patted my pockets and gave her a pantomime shrug, trying to explain my precarious position vis-a-vis Dong. Now, I said, is the time for fiscal discipline. I was fast running out of Dong. I was down on Dong. I was in Dong deficit. Unsurprisingly, she did not find these arguments convincing. She had a bright idea. "Small Dong", she announced. "My friend, I give you for very small Dong". She nodded many times. She leered gummily. I shook my head. She snarled. I escaped and found someone else to ask: a man wearing a bin liner. He stood over a smoking brazier, grilling a rat. "Where is the hotel?" I asked him, politely. He gazed left. He gazed right. He thought hard. He pensively rotated the rat. Then, with an air of wisdom and profundity he said, "Where is the hotel?"

"No, I mean where is the hotel?"

He scratched his stomach. He closed his eyes. He sprayed the rat with something from a plastic bottle. "Where", he said, mournfully, "is the hotel?"

Surreal encounter that. I retraced my steps. Then I retraced them again. And again. I

walked up and down the same streets. I employed a grid strategy. I realised that the streets were not grid-like. They were snake-like. I abandoned the grid strategy. In a shop that sold everything, I took from its battered box, and frowningly pored over, a Snakes n' Ladders board. This did not help. I rolled the dice. I hit the streets again. The rain fell. "Who am I?" I asked; "and where am I going?" The vendors sniggered and rustled. Reptilian hands reached out from under ponchos, offering fruit, cigarettes, direct transfers, guidebooks, directories, city maps, truth: useless junk. The braziers hissed. The rain raged against the iron rooves. The bare bulbs made frightening shadows on the pavements. I'd never make it home. I recognised some guests from my hotel. They must be lost too. We were all lost. I was running out of ideas. A taximan pulled up next to me. I asked him where I was going. The answer was cryptic. He offered to take me where I wanted to go. Kidnap me more like. Nice try shiftier third-worlder. I wasn't born yesterday. I banished him, and he faded away.

Of course, the hotel soon reappeared. It rose up above the street like a ship, ablaze and civilised. I watched it come closer. I found myself next to it. I went in. The man whose job it was to open the door didn't — he sat there on his chair and played with his phone. Didn't even see me. As I went towards the lift I heard him being told off by his boss, the leader of the door-opening team — a real pro: vigilant, unobtrusive, quick on the draw, a man who knew his push from his pull. A timeless man who always knew whether you were coming or going. I stood in the lift. Our room was at the end of a long corridor. It was the last night. Going home in the morning. I opened the door and went in. We got up early, and before we went to the airport, had a final coffee by the lake.

**"IMPROMPTU BARBEQUES, OPEN FIRES, THE ROADS CLOGGED WITH A MILLION MOPEDS, THE MOPEDS PILED HIGH AND TEETERING WITH BOXES, CHICKENS, FAMILIES OF 5. I STEPPED OUTSIDE AND WAS INSTANTLY LOST."**





## NAVEL GLAZING OR "THE IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHY OF A 19-YEAR-OLD GENIUS"

WITH CHRIS

**I**'VE WRITTEN IN *CRACCU*M FOR HALF OF A YEAR now, and I dare say it's ruined my life. I'm stressed, tired, spent, stupid, and worst of all, I'm a writer in *Craccum*.

It started at the beginning of last year, with one of my friends being appointed arts editor and needing contributors. He was older and cooler. I was younger and eager. To impress him. To do culture. To see my name in lights (or at least in *Craccum*).

Philip Seymour Hoffman had died. I was deeply sad about it, had been for ages. He was the greatest living actor. I based this on having seen three movies. They were cool movies. I declared them the greatest living movies.

When it turned out he was dead I was crushed. I stayed in bed for hours, reading achingly sincere obituaries by usually-stoic writers. I reflected tragically on a career cut short. None of my friends took my grief seriously. But I did, because I knew it was important. And I was important.

The aforementioned friend (I have a friend) asked me to write about him. Finally. My genius was recognised, as was my profound connection to everyone's favourite actor. My knees buckled under the responsibility. I had to chronicle not just the man's life, but his art.

It would be the definitive remembrance. For Philip Seymour and for journalism.

I would pay due diligence. Watch every surviving major work. Consume every available biographical detail. Try heroin. Read other people's eulogies. Subconsciously steal their insights. Learn, and use, words like *oeuvre*.

I watched. I read. I wrote. All of it terrible. I wanted to be engaging and unique, but not indulgent or exploitative. I couldn't. I needed prose to mirror the performances; punchy yet minimalist. It didn't. Most of all I hoped to express myself; to reveal that under the stoic exterior I was achingly sincere. I wasn't. Though I did say "*oeuvre*". And "exceptionality." Which was impressive. My friend edited it down by 200 words.

My writing hasn't improved since then. But I'm friends with one of the editors so he got me to do a column. It was a good decision. I'm very interesting. I have four opinions, and all of them are watertight. I'm like a less racist Jeremy Clarkson. A more racist David Mitchell. A stupid Russell Brand. I told several friends. Became insecure. Demanded they not read it. Threatened to defame those who did. Nobody listened. They give me harsh feedback. Fair, but harsh.

Mostly I kept it secret. I was pre-emptively ashamed. And rightly so. The drawing on this column used to have my face on it. A girl recognised me in the first lecture of the semester. I panicked. Tried to lie. Forgot how. Apologised for lying. Apologised for the

column. Facebook messaged the editor. Passive-aggressively, and then, when that failed, aggressive-aggressively. By the next lecture it was gone.

I hate trying. Being a fan is chill. You presume that you might secretly have a knack. I bet I'd be surprisingly good in a fight. But once you sh\*t a sentence onto paper the fantasy comes crashing down. Not only will I never be a great writer, I can't even be average. And I'm sub-average in *Craccum*, in front of God and everybody.

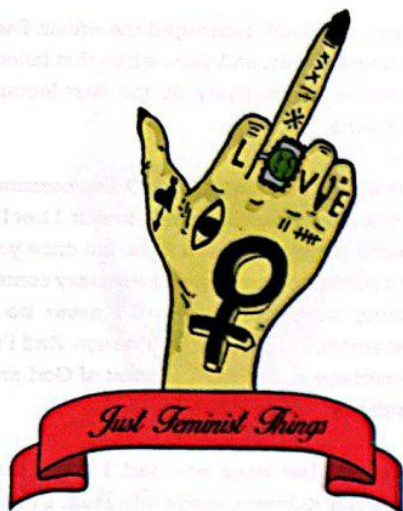
My column last week was bad. I mean, they all are, but different levels. My fault. I wrote it, which was the first mistake, and at 3AM, which was the second. I tried to give an opinion, which is risky if you aren't talented or intelligent enough to be worth listening to. The editor said it was good. He liked it. Once it was published he said it was crap. Which is sort of what *Craccum* is. Friends, chilling and chatting, pretending each other are okay.

I went to the Writers Festival last weekend. My mum came up for it, and I knew filial piety would get me free lunch. At the end of each interview the floor was opened for questions. Invariably at least one person demanded the truth. "I'm a young artist. Do you have any advice for young artists? I am a young artist". I wanted to be annoyed. But then I remembered. I am a young artist. So I listened to the responses. All of them were "keep writing."

To be honest I probably won't.

**"I HATE TRYING. BEING A FAN IS CHILL. YOU PRESUME THAT YOU MIGHT SECRETLY HAVE A KNACK. I BET I'D BE SURPRISINGLY GOOD IN A FIGHT. BUT ONCE YOU SH\*T A SENTENCE ONTO PAPER THE FANTASY COMES CRASHING DOWN."**





## AUCKLAND FEMINIST TAKES BREAK FROM WORRYING ABOUT SERIOUS WORLDWIDE ISSUES REGARDING SEX AND GENDER TO DISCUSS LESS SERIOUS BUT TOTALLY BLOWN OUT OF PROPORTION MATTERS

BY THE SPECIAL SNOWFLAKE AUCKLAND FEMINIST

**A** CLOSE SOURCE TO THE FEMINIST CRACCUUM columnist reveals that she has, reportedly, taken a break from caring about serious issues facing the lives, safety and rights of women worldwide to focus on more frivolous matters. The close source discloses that she's aiming to take a more watered down approach to feminism, focusing particularly on topics irrelevant to the students of Auckland University or New Zealand Culture.

"She's gone a bit bonkers," says the close source, "she's trying to address sexism and obvious double standards in the treatment of men and women in a westernized context. It's like, does she think people will be able to relate to that? It's just so irrelevant."

Friends and family of the columnist agree. "You know, I don't care that I am still somewhat systematically discriminated against due to a culture that's favoured men over women for the past several thousands of years." Says Lorraine, the second cousin three times removed from her mother's side. "And I don't

care that this is just a university magazine put together by university students, for university students. I came to Craccum for top notch world news, completely relevant to me, and that's what I want to get."

When asked about why she is ignoring things like child brides and arranged marriages in Yemen and India, or the painful female genital mutilation in Africa and the Middle East, she, with a shrug, replied: "Guess I just wanted to focus on raising awareness of the little things that are very far removed from the society I live in and can do nothing about. Like the unconscious prejudices in education or catcalling. I don't know, I guess I'm just trying to swim against the current."

Not discussing local issues because other countries have it a lot worse has been an ongoing trend recently in New Zealand – one which Lavinia is obviously choosing to rebel against. Health practitioners are even turning patients with mild to moderate health issues away. Dr Louis David tells us: "Yeah, it's just no point. Listen, I understand people have been having migraines since the dawn of time and get a broken bone every now and then, but people are dying out there. People are getting cancer and we have HIV and AIDS to worry about. Your migraines and broken bones just aren't worth our time." When asked if he's ever had a migraine, he replied with "Oh me? Yeah, never. I am not sure they even exist. But if they do, they can't be that bad." And the broken bones? "Never. I take every precaution anytime I go out or even do something around the house – I wear triple layer padding all over my body to make sure that it never happens to me, as should everyone. There's just no excuse really."

Furthermore, the Auckland based (but not Auckland raised) columnist had decided to look further into the type of sexism that exists in western society, by taking intersectionality into consideration. This has spurred

outrage from friends and advantaged university students alike. When asked about the reasons she saw intersectional feminism as necessary, the columnist responded. "Yeah, you know, when I was writing the Men's Rights column, I was thinking 'What would make less sense, siding with a movement of people that are upset about issues that they played a huge role in creating and sadly, continue to perpetuate? Or realizing that sometimes people's ethnicity, gender and sexuality aren't separate and that they may face a multitude of prejudices based on more than one of those things? So I went with the race is not always separate from gender thing, obviously."

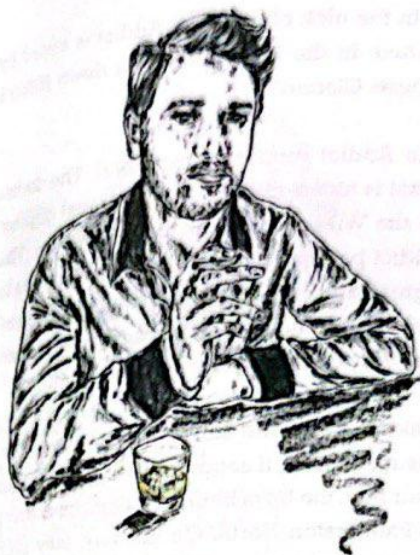
How long the feminist snowflake will be on break for she did not say. But, she did let us know of her future plans. "I want to vilify kindness." She stated, determinedly. "I want to make sure that no one is ever nice to each other, to animals, even to the planet. I want people to lose all respect for one another." And yes, that does mean that men are no longer allowed to treat women as an object for their use or as an outlet for their sexual aggression. "I know it's a big job, and I am not saying it won't be hard...but yeah. I think I can do it." But, she assured us that this next project will have to wait until she's back from her holiday.

In other news, the New Zealand Government decriminalized abortion, implemented much harsher laws regarding pay equity and even banned any kind of verbal assault aimed at women following a "Freaky Friday" type accident on Friday the 29<sup>th</sup> of May. Incidentally, sales in waxing supplies have also dramatically dropped.

(Please note: this is partially in reference to the letter to the editor addressed to me in last week's column.)

**"IN OTHER NEWS, THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT DECRIMINALIZED ABORTION, IMPLEMENTED MUCH HARSHER LAWS REGARDING PAY EQUITY AND EVEN BANNED ANY KIND OF VERBAL ASSAULT AIMED AT WOMEN FOLLOWING A 'FREAKY FRIDAY' TYPE ACCIDENT ON FRIDAY THE 29TH OF MAY."**





## INVIDIOUS: INTENDED TO OFFEND THE PROBLEM WITH POLEMICS

BY NATHAN PERRY

**S**ICKENING. I MEAN REALLY DEPRESSING. I mean really though, I'm sad. I made a Facebook status recently and it received 31 likes. I am sad. Now I understand that 31 likes on a status isn't too many. Nothing to write home about, and certainly nothing to write a column about. That's not why I'm sad. I would have been far happier if it received only 2 likes or no likes at all. It got 31. The post in question was about the fact that I had shaved. 31 people cared enough about a thing as trivial as that to click a button. It depressed me. Greatly. I mean I say some very funny and very clever things sometimes — trust me, I'm there when it happens — and hardly anyone cares. I have some fascinating opinions on this and that, and I'm lucky if I get three people that like what I say. 31 people cared that there were fewer hairs on my chin than before. Sad.

I don't make Facebook posts often. I mean, not actual ones. I often share photos and memes from this atheist page or that atheist page so that my own wall is all cuddly and angry. I very sparingly write anything on the old face-machine. I don't much see the point. If I have anything interesting to say, I'll publish it. If I have done anything interesting, I'll keep it to myself and live with the amazing experience like a real human would. If I want to let my friends know what's going on in my life, I'll tell them when I see them, like a real human would. As for photos, well...remember those scenes in horror films where instead of the protagonist being physically tortured they're shown people's photographs? That's what you do when you post photos of yourself every fucking day doing the most banal of activities. So, regarding putting my life on Facebook, I'm against it.

You don't care. I don't care. It's great, we can all get along not caring. Then for reasons still unknown to me, I made a post. I did one. It was late, I was sleep deprived and I shaved off my beard. Perhaps I wanted to give my friends some warning before they saw me. Perhaps I wanted to say goodbye to my fallen hairy comrade. Either way I made the damn post. 31 people liked it.

And it's typical of today's shitty society. People have Twitters and Facebooks and Tumblrs and face-machines and Instagrams (because we're all secretly amazing artists and photography can be done by any idiot with an iPhone). No one speaks to each other anymore or enjoys moments or is ever actually present. Everyone takes photos of the event instead of being in it. Then everyone else sees all of these amazing photos and tweets about how great it was, and suddenly they all feel left out and need to start texting and tweeting and photoing and the lovely conversation we were having about public health or the state of feminism is forgotten. Instead there appears a photo of a backlit beer bottle and two men smoking captioned "good drink, good banter #feminism and #hospitals". No one wants to talk anymore or even pretend to. Oh, and yes I'm aware that it may just be that no one wants to talk to me. I'm going to carry on under the premise that that is not the case. I made a second post just to check. I made a post about my previous column and it received far fewer likes. A post about the academic dichotomy between rich and poor lost to a post about my darling beard. Terribly, terribly sad. Instead of talking about proper issues and interesting things, we fill one another's lives with glib statements about what we ate or where we went or what we did to our poor facial hair that never hurt anyone and deserved nothing other than to be kept and cared for.

Now I know what you're thinking "calm down Grandad, get with the programme". Except you're not thinking that all are you? You're probably just reading someone's tweet, God knows you're not reading this. Why would you, right? Why would anyone read any magazine or newspaper? Am I right, modern world that I pretend to disdain, because you scare and confuse me so much and I just want you to accept me? Why should you read people that have gone through the vetting process of a newspaper or magazine and have had to be peer reviewed and edited and made better? People who have studied the craft of journalism or polemics or are studying, what can they possibly know? Especially when everyone can write whatever they want in a tweet, or make a Youtube video. Plus those guys and gals are potentially attractive whereas writers are only seen as letters on pages and who cares what they say right? Reading's for nerds, am I right? So we tend to get our information from online sources written by anybody or more reputable sources or just filtered through Facebook. We get our public pundancy from Youtubers who have the average age of twelve and the collective brainpower of a small potato.

We no longer speak to one another. We no longer really enjoy one another's company. We no longer read. But 31 people like my face so I suppose that's a plus.

**"INSTEAD OF TALKING ABOUT PROPER ISSUES AND INTERESTING THINGS, WE FILL ONE ANOTHER'S LIVES WITH GLIB STATEMENTS ABOUT WHAT WE ATE OR WHERE WE WENT OR WHAT WE DID TO OUR POOR FACIAL HAIR THAT NEVER HURT ANYONE AND DESERVED NOTHING OTHER THAN TO BE KEPT AND CARED FOR."**





## THE ADDICT AND THE IMMIGRANT

# TAKE ON NZ'S MOST ROMANTIC DESTINATIONS (AKA. THE BOYS ARE BACK)

BY AMINDHA FERNANDO, AND A FAT SMOKER

*The Addict wakes up bright and early, 11.54. The Immigrant has been packing his bags since 6. The boys had a fight. The Addict cannot drive. The Addict has no license. He would never be sober enough anyway. The Immigrant foolishly left his keys on the table. The Addict ran out of beer. The Addict took the keys. The Addict drove the car. The Addict crashed the car into a child. It's okay, the child was fat. The child died. The Addict went to prison. The Addict's lawyers were inexplicably good. The Addict got off (insanity defence). The Immigrant was very upset. They didn't speak for many weeks. The Immigrant became lonely, so now he's planned a romantic holiday...*

**S**OMETIMES DESCRIBED AS THE 'CLITORIS OF the nation', 'South of Eden', and, on occasion, 'a bit shit', Huntly is the first destination. The Immigrant parks the car. The Addict sits sullenly, relegated to the back of the Skyline after he kept pulling the handbrake on the motorway because 'banter'. The Immigrant quietly seethes, wondering how, after recklessly murdering a child, the Addict still has no respect for road safety.

The car is parked. The Immigrant's wallet is found. The Addict's, mysteriously, is lost. The boys emerge from the vehicular chariot and begin to wander the streets looking for bars to 'review'. There are none. So the 'Sunshine Bakery' it is. The sandwiches are gross, the chicken slimy, the lettuce brown. But the chicken nuggets come with free chips and sadness, so that's a plus. Next, the liquor shop. The Immigrant buys Diesels, white wine, and Double Browns; the Addict makes him buy durries. There are no Marlboro Reds. The Addict mimes fucking

a glass tequila skull as punishment. The Immigrant purchases the tequila. And Dunhills.

Moving on: the loos. The Addict has a passion for public toilets in small town New Zealand. The bathroom is probably the most sophisticated thing in Huntly. Electric doors. Electric toilet paper machines. Bionic soap dispensers. Artificially intelligent hand dryers. And ambient Barry Manilow music to help you shit. The door stays closed for 'ten minutes max' — so you're relaxed, but also rushing.

While the Addict is musing on the philosophy of ablutions, the Immigrant waits outside holding the alcohol and cigarettes. A group of twelves show up, demanding durries. The Immigrant tries to be a good person, warning them that he has a terrible friend who smokes, that they make you a bad person, and a chronic masturbator. The children say they are "in a gang" and begin to swear. At this point, the all-knowing super computer running the toilet kicks the pantless Addict out. He realises the durries are under threat, and pantlessly chases the children down the road until told to leave by a group of disgruntled locals, impressions of Aucklanders confirmed once more.

An hour from Huntly. Hills roll like cheap cigarettes. Sunset casts cider light on Midori grass, cows creating soon to be Baileys milk, and people, soon to get herpes. Hamilton. Once there, the lads shack up in a hotel room, assuming they'll get laid. Lads. They're not so assuming that they bother to get separate beds. They meet some friends. Amman, a smoking, drinking, obese baptist. The Columnist, a tall, destructive, yet surprisingly obese redhead (described by Hitchens as "tiny headed"). And a bearded genius with a predilection for groping. Off they all go. First, The Little George. Hamilton's equivalent of a craft beer bar. Loud bad acoustic music. Loud bad patrons. Loud bad Addict. Cute outdoor seating. Walking distance from everything. Classic Tron.

Bar 101. The ultimate locale. A mecca for clubbers, bogans, and AIDS. The Immigrant dances. A tall friend harasses a cute Asian girl. The Addict sits out front telling some Polynesian Christians that they're "just worshipping the white man's god". They feel sorry for him. He steals their beers. The Columnist forces the DJ at bottle-point to play Meatloaf. The Immigrant takes the opportunity to lose his virginity by convincing a local to go home with him to "help him shave his back". Sure mate, we've all claimed that. The Addict convinces Jenny to come outside with him to hook up. The pumping sound of Meatloaf's "I would do anything for love" convinces him that the inevitable syphilitic insanity will be worth

it. In the nick of time, the Addict is saved by fortune in the form of a vomit down Jenny's blouse. Classic Tron.

The Addict returns to the hotel. The Immigrant is alone, crying, watching 'anal gaping' on the WiFi, covered in shaving cream. The Addict passes out in the bathtub. Hamilton is a great city. Everything is in walking distance, and there's no Victorian prejudice against sex with an unknown in a public toilet.

Waking up naked next to each other, with cheap, unused, if soggy, toilet paper stuck to their feet, the boys begin the eight hour drive to Palmerston North. On the way, they pick up the hitch-hiking Columnist. He claims to have "pashed many girls" the night before. He then regales them with tales of his "hot bitch girlfriend", aged 38, who works at a Fix in Wellington and wears dentures. He claims a gum-job is the ultimate in sexual fulfillment. He spends the remainder of the journey forcing the Immigrant to examine his "discharge" to determine whether or not the pain is "probably just banter" or "an STD". The Immigrant points out that, much to his parent's dismay, he is not a doctor.

After the relatively good experience of Hamiltonopolis, there is an expectation of continued banter. There is no banter. On arrival, the Addict surreptitiously locks the Immigrant out of the backpackers. The Immigrant ends up at a Palmerston North house party; all arseless chaps and no shirts. He is offered meth. He is deeply afraid. He spends the remainder of the night wandering the streets of Palmy in search of a Maccas, and is discovered passed out in the street at 4am by the Columnist. In the meantime, the Addict has stolen a bottle of vodka and attempted to woo the owner of the backpackers with limited success (gobbie only).

The sun rises. The Immigrant insists they go to a debating tournament instead of drinking for the day. No bars are visited. They debate. They lose. They steal pizza. No accommodation is paid for. The Columnist fucking wastes Grumpy. Grumpy leaves grumpily. He later hops into the napping Columnist's bed, begging for debating tips. They spoon. Rekd m8. In the evening — a pub quiz. Once again, the group emerge triumphant against Grumpy. His team is named 'Virgins en Masse'. The boys win by cheating.

There's nothing more to say about Palmerston North. John Cleese was right. It's awful.

Next semester, back to proper bars. Stay tuned for Britomart (hint: pretentious). There's no real reason to go on, so why not make this mid-year break your last?





KANT OR WON'T?

## QUANTUM IMMORTALITY

BY ADITYA VASUDEVAN AND CALLUM LO

**L**ET'S START WITH SOME CONTEXT. **CALLUM** and I are sitting in a hotel room, well into the latter phases of serious existential angst, watching cricket but unable to find the motivation to care about the proceedings. Here's why.

**Callum:** Have you heard of quantum immortality?

**Aditya:** Nah, what is it?

**Callum:** So, take multiverse theory — the idea that there are infinite parallel universes in which different sequences of events play out. Everything that could happen happens in one of these universes. What this means is that for every situation in which you could die (a car crash, disease, heart failure) there is at least one universe in which you don't

die. Since you cannot perceive past your own death, you only ever perceive the time-paths in which you survived. Ultimately, this leads to you being immortal even as everyone around you dies. You end up alone, floating through the universe.

**Aditya:** Well that's pleasant.

**Callum:** Yeah...

**Aditya:** If you think about it in terms of morality as well, there's no longer value in you choosing to make a moral decision. Because in every case of you choosing to make the moral decision, another you will make the immoral decision. The net morality of the universe is stuck.

**Callum:** The question there is whether you can really consider those other iterations 'you' in a meaningful sense. Like in the teleporter scenario...

**Aditya:** Well if you're deconstructed in one location and rebuilt in another, you're technically a 'new' set of atoms. On some interpretations, you've died. Would you step into the teleporter?

**Callum:** No.

**Aditya:** Have you not seen *The fucking Prestige*!

**Callum:** I haven't... sorry. Would you step in?

**Aditya:** Yeah totally. Your identity is nothing

special anyway.

**Callum:** Dick.

**Aditya:** I mean we are literally just vessels for a multitude of causal pathways.

**Callum:** Imagine a peach...

**Aditya:** There is no identity that can be ascribed to one particular formation of atoms, because that identity is entirely fictionalised to begin with. All that we really care about is feeling like we have a self, and identifying with that self.

**Callum:** Well that makes quantum immortality a little less shit then.

**Aditya:** Why?

**Callum:** Well if there's no identity of any significance, then it doesn't matter that some configuration of atoms in a parallel universe that resembles mine continues to live alone for eternity.

**Aditya:** Here's the thing. We still feel like we have identity. We probably do so out of necessity. Regardless of the truth of your connection to your other self, you still identify with him, and you can still feel shit about eternal solitude.

**Callum:** Thanks man.... funny thing; there's also a small chance that we are that one universe in which solitude awaits.

**Aditya:** Thanks man.



GLITTER AND CLUDGE

## THIS IS FURTIVE

BY TESSA NADEN

**O**N SATURDAY NIGHT, I PARTOOK IN WHAT must be known as the 'Family Toilets Experience'. Now, this differs for you depending on what set of bathrooms you use, but I usually use the women's bathrooms downstairs. I had to piss, so went in. Someone in a stunning fit of passion (and/or

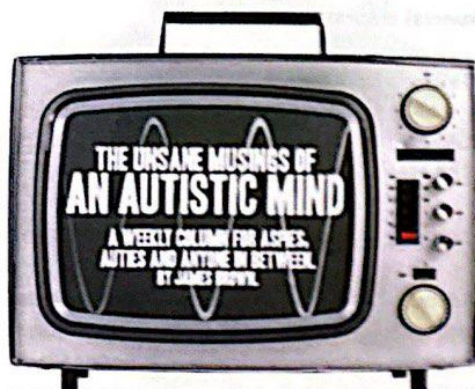
anger) had ripped the toilet seat off. It was either that, or a 600 pound whale had sat on what was, frankly, a pretty pathetic attempt at moulding plastic, or even that Family had a wild toilet seat fetishist in, that had stolen the toilet seat to commit unspeakable acts. Whatever the cause, me and my increasingly bony ass faced what is unpleasant — a toilet with no seat. Now, this isn't the only flaw with the toilets. The light in the toilets doesn't actually work any more. I've pooped by phone flashlight in there numerous times. But it was kinda the cherry on the shit sundae, the 'this bar is shit' epiphany.

I mean, that's not the only problem with Family. The music sucks most times I go there, and any good music they do play is accented by epilepsy-inducing strobe lights. The drinks are extremely expensive, and the booths all smell faintly of coitus. Downstairs doesn't have any air conditioning whatsoever: 2am Family is one of the worst

saunas ever invented. Let's not forget exposing our young and impressionable queers to the pokies upstairs, because it's not like the bar is serving multiple at-risk populations! I mean, with the right set of people, Family is fantastic. But it's fantastic because there are a bazillion other queers there, being queer, not because of any intrinsic value to Family. In fact, objectively, Family is a terrible bar. Legend shutting down was a loss to the community, because it was the only general access gay bar available at the time that didn't have shocking toilets, or strobes, and it didn't lack air conditioning. There was also the 'free venue hire' part — Family doesn't really do venue hire.

These are, arguably, more the fault of a monopoly over the gay bar industry, for lack of a better term. If we want to see an improved Family, then maybe it's time that if a new gay bar opens, we actively go and patronise it. Or it will fall over again.





## CIVIS 4CHANNUS SUM

WITH JAMES BROWN

**O**NE THING I MISS THESE DAYS IN *Craccum* is the letters. The letters were always a highlight for me, more so when there was a bar tab attached (I won the bar tab three years in a row, 2009-2011, and never once claimed any of them, to my eternal regret). And then I saw a letter by a redditor, trying to be funny and claim ownership of certain dank memes. And as a proud citizen of the true home of those memes, it is up to me to set the record straight,

on one of the most misunderstood and yet amazing places on the internet.

To the outside world, 4chan is many things. The den of Anonymous and GamerGate, a cathedral of misogyny, a place where child porn and bestiality flow freely (despite attempts to crack down on them), a place of absolute freedom to say anything, be anything and shitpost for ever. 4chan can be all these things, and none of them. It is a place of true chaos, and yet at the eye of that storm there is calm, and a sense of true spirit. Being on 4chan is like seeing both the very best, and very worst of humanity on display.

4chan is not some giant monolithic place where all think and act the same. You can get people that are little better than neo-nazis on /pol/, and all manner of nasty things on /b/, the board most commonly associated with 4chan. But there is also /a/, where lovers of anime and manga often translate materials for each other, /tv/, where some celebrities and reviewers have on occasion braved the waters to see the fandom, and my home board /tg/, a place of creativeness and creation where all matter of war games, board games and RPGs are discussed. /tg/

got me into RPGs, encouraged my writing skills and have helped further my vast collections of war game armies. 4chan has got me through many dark patches, and given me much joy in life. I won't deny I felt legitimately sad when Moot said his goodbye earlier in the year, and then stayed up all night watching *Cowboy Bebop* in his memory. For one American kid to have given so much to that website makes me marvel, given the shit it must have put him through when those nudes were leaked and hacking raids organised from under his very nose.

Another thing I must set straight. Dank memes are a 4chan thing, not a Reddit thing. 4chan is the breeding ground of all true memes. Pepe is ours, Bane is a big guy for us, not for you. We created Rickrolling and made the dear departed Moot *Time's* person of the year. What has Reddit done?

I look forward to the day when the Reddit/4chan War breaks out, when I can gird up and get a one way ticket to Valhalla, all shiny and chrome. I live, die and live again. Witness Me!

(*Mad Max Fury Road* was amazing. MRAs BTFO!)

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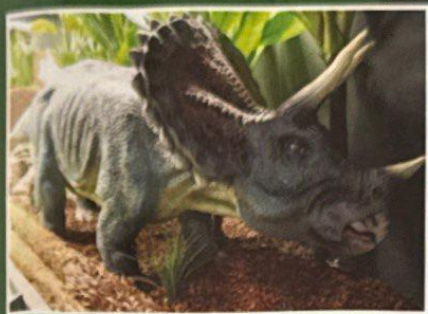
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# Friends of JUSTICE

WRITTEN/DRAWN BY DANIEL VERNON  
FACEBOOK/FRIENDSOFGUSTICE



**CAPTAIN ALCOHOLISM:**  
SUPER SOLDIER  
WHEN ALCOHOL  
IS IN HIS SYSTEM.



**BLACK POWERS:**  
CAN TELEPORT  
THROUGH THE  
COLOR BLACK.



**ACHILLESHEEL:**  
GREEK GOD OF  
MENOPAUSE.



**HOME RUN:**  
BEATS PEOPLE  
WITH A BAT.



**LIGHTSPEED:**  
SUPERSPEED.



# Casual acquaintances of INJUSTICE



**GOVERNMENT AGENT:**  
TRAINED ASSASSIN



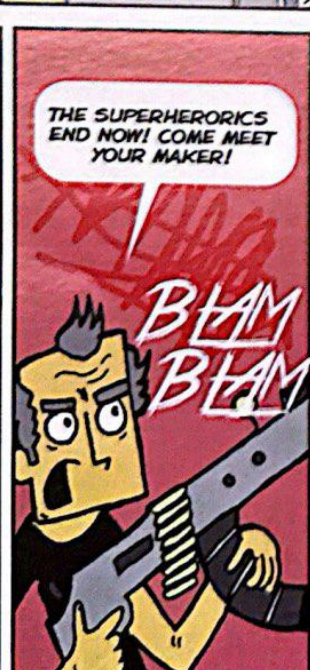
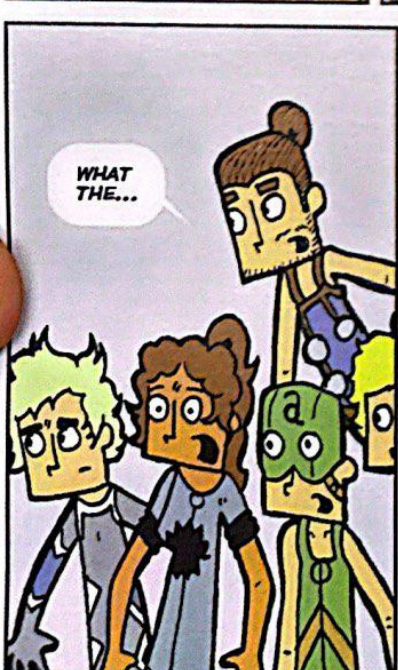
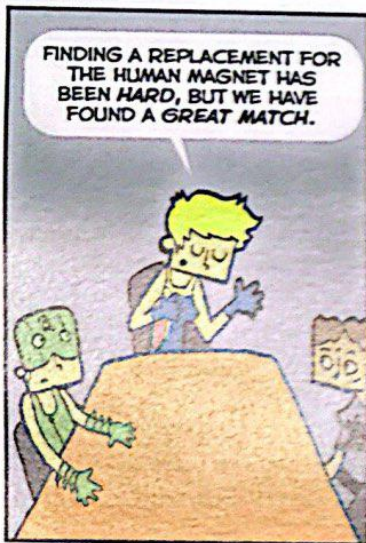
**MAIVE LANTERN:**  
POWER RING  
OF IGNORANCE



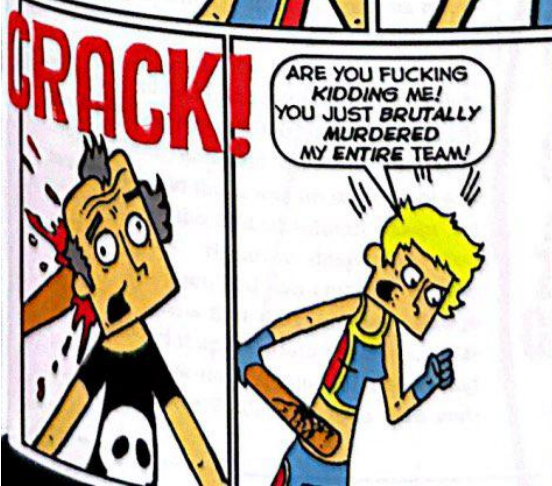
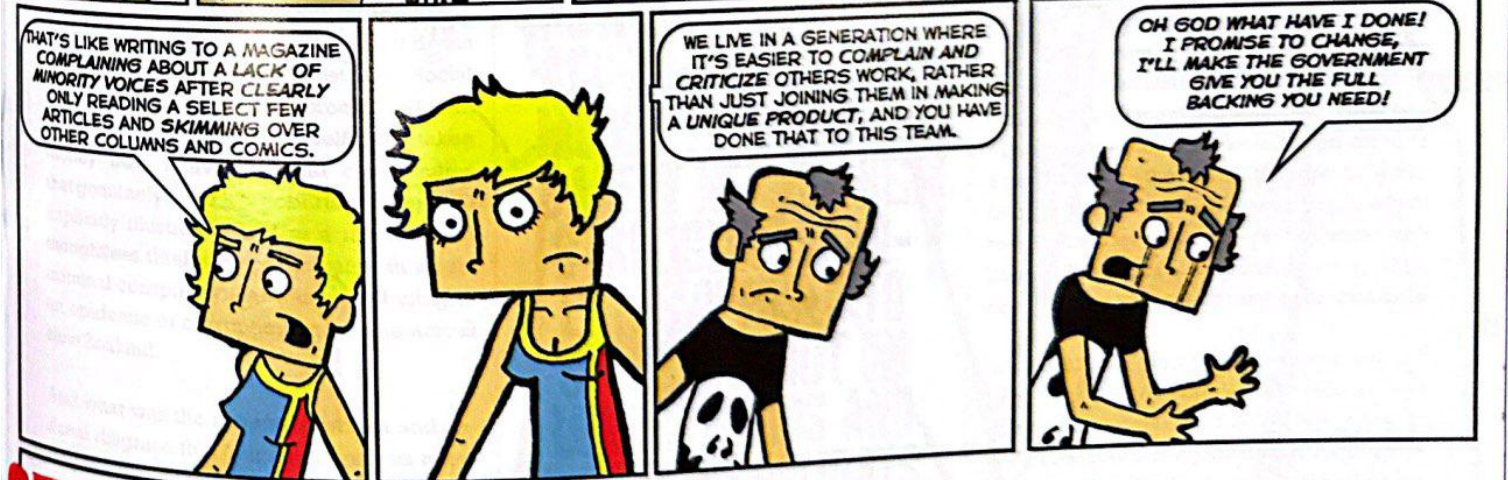
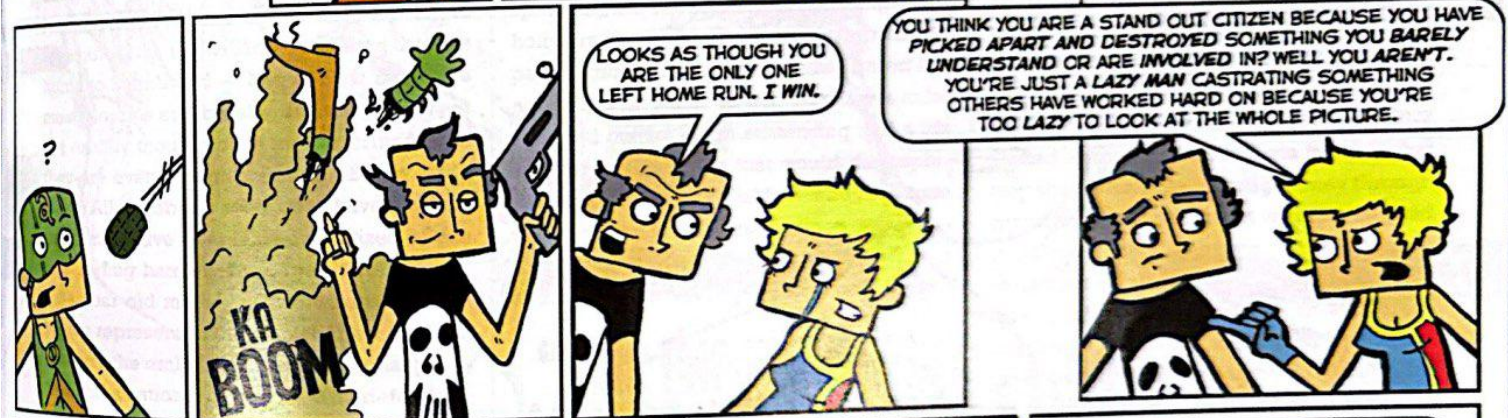
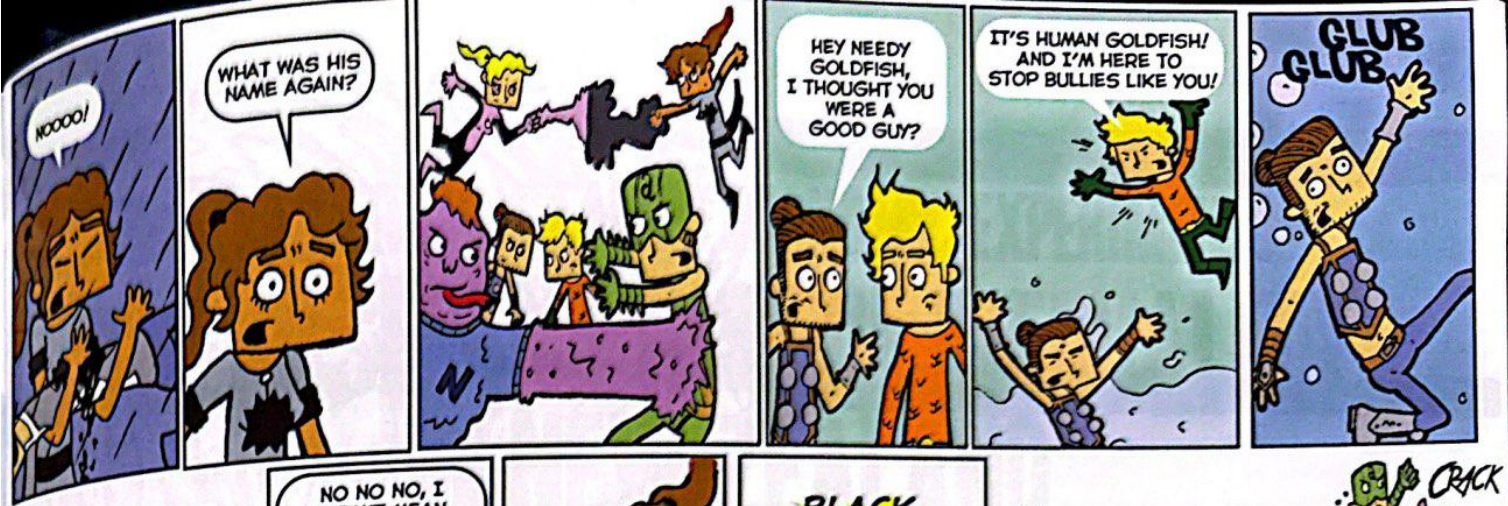
**YOUNG NAT LEADER:**  
CYST.



**HUMAN GOLDFISH:**  
POWERS OF  
A GOLDFISH







ALL-NEW  
ALL-DIFFERENT  
**FRIENDS OF  
JUSTICE**  
NEXT  
SEMESTER







# NOTES FROM A FAILED ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT: THE RISE AND RISE OF INEQUALITY IN NEW ZEALAND

## PART 2: TAX EVASION AND WELFARE FRAUD

BY BEVAN MORGAN

### THE BENEFIT FRAUD

Warea isn't a town known to many New Zealanders that don't surf. Sitting 35km out of New Plymouth, there is not a whole lot to write about the tiny village other than that it is home to Stent Road — one of New Zealand's most glorious surf breaks. Its inhabitants are not exactly thought of as master criminals, if they are even thought of at all. But in 2012, Judge Allan Roberts seemed to have a different perspective of at least one citizen of this tiny surfing hamlet. In Judge Roberts' eyes, a 34 year old mother of two who resided in Warea represented the worst of New Zealand and was the embodiment of a 'national problem and a national disgrace'. The defendant, Lisa Marie Reid, was pilloried by the judge for being a truly 'serious' offender, and was savaged by an enraged Ministry of Social Development who publicly proclaimed with much bluster that she had selfishly "taken money from individuals and communities that genuinely need it". Roberts and the MSD explicitly illustrated Reid as a reckless and thoughtless thief, who participated in a vast criminal conspiracy that was contributing to an epidemic of corruption and crime across New Zealand.

And what was the national problem and national disgrace that Judge Roberts was referring to? Benefit fraud.

You see, Reid had been found guilty of fraudulently receiving \$80,000 worth of benefit overpayments and rent across a period of four years. And there was no doubt that she was guilty — she had absolutely taken the over-payments. However, despite the fact that she was poor, had two children to look after, and was a first time offender, Judge Roberts found it appropriate to not only disparage Reid as the epitome of everything wrong with New Zealand, but to also sen-

tence her to a year in prison. To Judge Roberts, this impoverished mother, who by all accounts used the money to provide a safety net for her struggling family (as opposed to splashing out on luxury goods and expensive holidays as so many assumed) symbolised a pathological laziness and entitled greed that needed to be stamped out. And it was to be stamped out by tough sentencing and a life shattering separation that would disproportionately punish her children who had done nothing wrong. Roberts' decision was widely applauded, and Reid was sent on her way amidst support from the general population.

**"THIS IMPOVERISHED MOTHER, WHO BY ALL ACCOUNTS USED THE MONEY TO PROVIDE A SAFETY NET FOR HER STRUGGLING FAMILY (AS OPPOSED TO SPLASHING OUT ON LUXURY GOODS AND EXPENSIVE HOLIDAYS AS SO MANY ASSUMED) SYMBOLISED A PATHOLOGICAL LAZINESS AND ENTITLED GREED THAT NEEDED TO BE STAMPED OUT."**

### THE TAX EVADERS

Just four years before Reid was lambasted as a "national disgrace" for slowly taking \$80,000 in small payments, four major banks in NZ begrudgingly settled with the government to pay back \$2 BILLION in unpaid taxes they had been cynically and strategically evading. Westpac, ASB, ANZ, and BNZ all had evaded paying billions in taxes that they should have, by filtering money through complex schemes so that it wouldn't be paid to the country that was giving them the infrastructure and ability to run. The settlement they reached may sound like an encouraging case of justice coming to bear on the big guys, but in reality it wasn't. Unlike Reid, the banks were not chastised for being the epitome of everything wrong with the country. In fact, they never had to admit to any wrongdoing whatsoever. But more importantly the settlement was not even a fine or a punishment — in fact it wasn't even close to a payback of all the money they owed. It was inexplicably 80% of what they owed, which meant that they were still getting away with literally hundreds of millions in fraud, while never having to concede they were criminals.

But it isn't just banks and corporations that have been making people like Reid look like small fry amateurs over the past few years. In 2013 it was revealed by the *Herald* that a whopping 2/3 of New Zealand's richest people were under-reporting their income to avoid paying the top tax rate — a rate that had already been slashed from the previous rate of 38% to 33%. And how much were these uber rich New Zealanders under-reporting by? Well, the findings revealed that 107 out of these 161 people were individuals who had taxable assets worth more than \$50 million, but were reporting that their income was less than \$70,000 per year. This was so that they wouldn't even have to pay the already lowered 33% threshold that



gets enacted when you earn over 70k, on the tens of millions of dollars that they had floating around. You read that right — these individuals were avoiding paying legally required tax on at least \$49 million of income each, despite the fact that the tax rates they were required to pay had already been considerably lowered by 5%, and were literally half of what they would have been asked for in 1953 when the rate was 66%. The mind blowing sociopathy of this kind of greed defies belief, yet not only is this evasion under-reported and ignored, most New Zealanders tend to celebrate it because they hold some sort of perverse and juvenile fantasy that one day they too will have \$50 million dollars — which they will then want to evade tax on.

So the question must be asked — how have we got to a stage where our economic inequality is so bad that we ruthlessly persecute and criminalise one sort of small scale fraud, while we ignore, or even celebrate, a ruthless form of large scale fraud perpetrated by the wealthiest, at the exact same time? How have we got our priorities so backward that we want to execute those that metaphorically steal a few apples, while we heap patronage on those few that steal like Apple?

## SAME CRIME, DIFFERENT SCALES

Dr Lisa Marriot from Victoria University in Wellington is one of New Zealand's leading authorities on both the scale and impact of these different types of fraud, and she has articulated the idea that, at a technical level, they are essentially the same thing. In her essay *Justice and the Justice System: A Comparison of Tax Evasion and Welfare Fraud in Australia and New Zealand*, Marriot argues that "the offences of tax evasion and welfare are conceptually similar: both are non-violent and financial in nature. Importantly, they both have the same 'victim' (the government and society). One is the deliberate act of taking money from the state to which one is not entitled; the other is the deliberate act of not giving money to the state that one is obliged

to pay. In other words, while the acts have different methods of being undertaken, they both have the same outcome, and affect the same people in the end — that being all of us who live in New Zealand."

Yet this is where the similarities between the two crimes realistically end. Because while they are philosophically no different, there are major discrepancies in the cost to the country, and the scale of damage caused. There are also stark contrasts in the socioeconomic and class status of those who are able to commit these crimes, and inevitably there is a depressing contradiction in how they are investigated, punished, and ultimately perceived in our country today.

The first way the two crimes are different is in the sheer scale of offending, and the financial damage caused by each type of crime. While the figures can vary each year, the trend is always the same — lost income because of welfare fraud is minuscule compared to income lost through tax evasion. In 2010 welfare fraud cost the country about \$39 million dollars — roughly 50% more than what John Key's flag referendum is costing NZ as you read this article (a referendum he blithely refers to as just 'a bit of cash'). And while this figure might seem extremely high at first glance, it pales in significance to the cost of tax evasion that year. Evasion was detected as costing the country \$1 billion dollars in 2010, but more realistically, the figure was anywhere from \$1 billion to \$6 billion according to the Tax Justice Network (as the true scale of evasion is practically impossible to detect with the resources we have dedicated to it). Dr Marriot describes this parallel in bleakly simple terms — "the problem of tax evasion is at best case scenario 23 to 50 times the financial amount of welfare fraud, and at worst case scenario potentially 100 to 150 times the amount".

This pattern has not changed since 2010. Late last year a Serious Fraud Office report was obtained by Radio New Zealand that indicated there was a total loss from bene-

**"NOT ONLY IS THIS EVASION UNDER REPORTED AND IGNORED, MOST NEW ZEALANDERS TEND TO CELEBRATE IT BECAUSE THEY HOLD SOME SORT OF PERVERSE AND JUVENILE FANTASY THAT ONE DAY THEY TOO WILL HAVE \$50 MILLION DOLLARS."**

ficiary fraud that totalled about \$80 million. This seems obscenely high — in fact it, was double what it had been four years earlier. However, when it was taken in context, the numbers were more revealing. The total cost of financial fraud was estimated to have cost the country up to \$9.4 billion and by far the largest area of this loss came from tax evasion which made up a staggering \$2 billion — a figure that had also doubled. Again, it must be remembered that this is the best case scenario. Based on the scale of undetected tax evasion seen in previous years (remember in 2010 it was estimated that detected tax fraud may have only accounted for 1/6 of actual tax fraud), it is safe to assume the real number is far higher than \$2 billion.

So, in the very best case scenario, tax evasion cost New Zealanders twenty five times the amount that benefit fraud cost.

## SAME CRIME, DIFFERENT PUNISHMENT

Deregulating our economic system over the past thirty years has made it incredibly simple for those who can afford to dodge tax to do so, with practically no fear of repercussion. On the flipside of this, the rules around welfare fraud are very simple and leave those who commit fraud in a precarious position. In a *Dominion Post* article from November 2012, Auckland law professor Bill Hodge argued that there is "greater clarity

**"IN 2013 IT WAS REVEALED BY THE HERALD THAT A WHOPPING 2/3 OF NEW ZEALAND'S RICHEST PEOPLE WERE UNDER REPORTING THEIR INCOME TO AVOID PAYING THE TOP TAX RATE."**



[with welfare fraud] because of the amount of paperwork beneficiaries are required to fill out...whereas the spectrum of tax minimisation to evasion, which is unlawful, has a lot of grey areas". And it is deregulation that has opened up all these grey areas and provided the wealthy with such perverse freedom. This has helped create a situation where there is a completely different conviction and punishment ratio for two crimes that are the same, but are proportionally different in their effect on the country. And in this case, the crime that has the lesser impact, and is committed by the poorer people, is disproportionately hammered and punished.

Marriott's research shows some startling figures. In the aforementioned 2013 article she writes that "in New Zealand over the last three years, 22 percent of prosecuted and convicted serious tax offenders received custodial sentences, while 60 percent of people convicted of serious benefit fraud received custodial sentences". While it is ridiculous enough that if you commit benefit fraud, you are three times more likely to go to prison than if you commit tax evasion, the whole scenario becomes downright oligarchic when you look at the amount of money that each prisoner was guilty of funnelling away from New Zealand. If you were a beneficiary cheat that had a 60% chance of going to prison, you would have, on average, ripped off the country by about \$87,000, which in fairness isn't a small figure. However, if you were a tax cheat who only had a 22% chance of going to prison, you would have been fleecing hungry children of about \$287,000 per year. In even simpler terms, this means that tax cheats are two thirds less likely to go to prison, for stealing four times as much. Oh and also, the state ran about 800 benefit fraud cases, but only 60 for tax evasion.

How can this be? Well for a start the two crimes are bizarrely prosecuted by completely different government departments. As the Child Poverty Action Group pointed out in their 2014 report *The Complexities of 'Relationship' in the Welfare System and the Consequences for Children*, "beneficiary fraud is usually prosecuted under the Crimes Act, but tax evasion is usually prosecuted under the Tax Administration Act. Different maximum penalties apply under the different legislation: the maximum custodial sentence under the Tax Administration Act is five years, whereas charges such as 'obtaining by deception' carry a maximum of seven years under the Crimes Act". This inevitably leads to a situation where unequal resources and unequal punishments are being thrown at transgressions that are philosophically the same, but have unequal clarity in how their prosecution can be pursued.

There is a class aspect to all of this. Essentially,

we in New Zealand allow it, because we just detest anybody that needs help (unless it's us individually). Over the past thirty years there has been a real kickback against the poor. We now have a major class division in this country, and much of this has come about as a result of the adverse effects of neoliberalism. As wages have remained the same since 1984, the average worker's dollar is worth about two thirds what it was then. The cost of living has risen, support from the state has all but vanished, and while there are plenty of superficial comforts to be had like cheap televisions and computers, long term burdens have skyrocketed. The shattering of union power under National governments in the 1990s has alienated workers from the political system, and savvy manipulation by American inspired political manufacturers (like Crosby Textor for example) has exploited this disengagement and alienation by getting the working and middle classes (rapidly changing into classes of 'working poor' and 'struggling') to focus on atomised interests at the expense of community ones. New Zealanders have been fed a lie that they would be rich if they just didn't have to give any of their money to a greedy government, and as costs have gotten higher with less and less to show for them, they have taken this bait hook, line, and sinker. Unfortunately, it has all been counterproductive to their own interests, and the interests of their children and grandchildren.

While Marriott concedes that all the differences in sentencing are "not obvious", she adamantly points out that "the sentences are intended to reflect society's views. And it seems we take a dimmer view of people on welfare — even the language is more punitive". By this she is referring to the fact that

tax cheating is referred to as 'evasion', while doing the same with benefits is known as 'fraud'. And in the previously referenced *Dominion Post* article, Marriott claims that attitudes towards tax evasion were indulgent, even occasionally admiring, while beneficiaries were considered "scroungers or cheats". She has also written that 'there appears to be a general acceptance among society that tax evasion is a lesser offence than other financially equivalent crimes. Research indicates that individuals view white collar crime, and specifically tax offending, as less serious than other offences involving similar amounts of money. Meanwhile, white collar crime is often viewed as not "really criminal". Part of this is because many New Zealanders are deluded enough to think that they are meant to be wearing a white collar, and one day will be. It doesn't help that additionally we have a media narrative that is now largely driven by a psychopath keyboard warrior and his vile blog, and a mainstream media that is equal parts irrelevant and inactive.

## IMPACT

The impacts of these discrepancies are alarming and too wide ranging to completely cover. So for the purposes of this discussion we can look at one particular area where the disproportionate scale of punishment has a very damaging effect on the poorest amongst us, namely the damage done to poor families found guilty of 'relationship fraud' that is highlighted in the aforementioned Child Poverty Action Group report. This report was released at the end of last year and, according to its preface, was focused on "a more systemic issue: the traditional reliance on using the presence

**"IN 2010 WELFARE FRAUD COST THE COUNTRY ABOUT \$39 MILLION DOLLARS [WHILE] EVASION WAS DETECTED AS COSTING THE COUNTRY \$1 BILLION DOLLARS IN 2010, BUT MORE REALISTICALLY THE FIGURE WAS ANYWHERE FROM \$1 BILLION TO \$6 BILLION ACCORDING TO THE TAX JUSTICE NETWORK."**



or absence of a relationship in the nature of marriage to determine entitlement in the welfare system".

Basically what the report found was that there are complex factors and ridiculously misguided rules regarding what constitutes a 'relationship' and there was no clear way to determine the issue fairly in a lot of cases. This has led to confusion over which payments should go to whom, and how much beneficiaries could potentially receive, depending on the seriousness of their relationship, or the income that this alleged relationship may or may not have provided. The report additionally stated that "in the context of overall alleged benefit overpayment, the proportion relating to successfully prosecuted relationship fraud is small. The figures for 2011/12 show that out of 10,735 cases investigated, only 2,139 cases of overpayment were established. Of these, 714 out of 742 were successfully prosecuted in the courts ... Relationship fraud comprises 28% of prosecuted fraud cases, or 208 people, largely female sole parents."

What all this confusing lingo means is that, despite the fact that the issue is well and truly overstated, there is still a rabid desire to go after single mothers who have been trapped by complicated legal definitions and purgatory legal zones. "New Zealand can be seen to be in breach of its obligations to ensure that all children have an adequate standard of living" when we examine this issue through the "lens of children's rights". When a single mother is accused of relationship fraud she then "faces a process that can be protracted and intimidating for both her and her children, and that affords them few rights or protections". Additionally, if she is then found guilty and chucked into prison, she becomes "separated from her children, wider family

and whanau, disrupting the children's lives and causing on-going distress. Mothers may then emerge from prison with large debts that are not cancelled even when repayments cause extreme hardship".

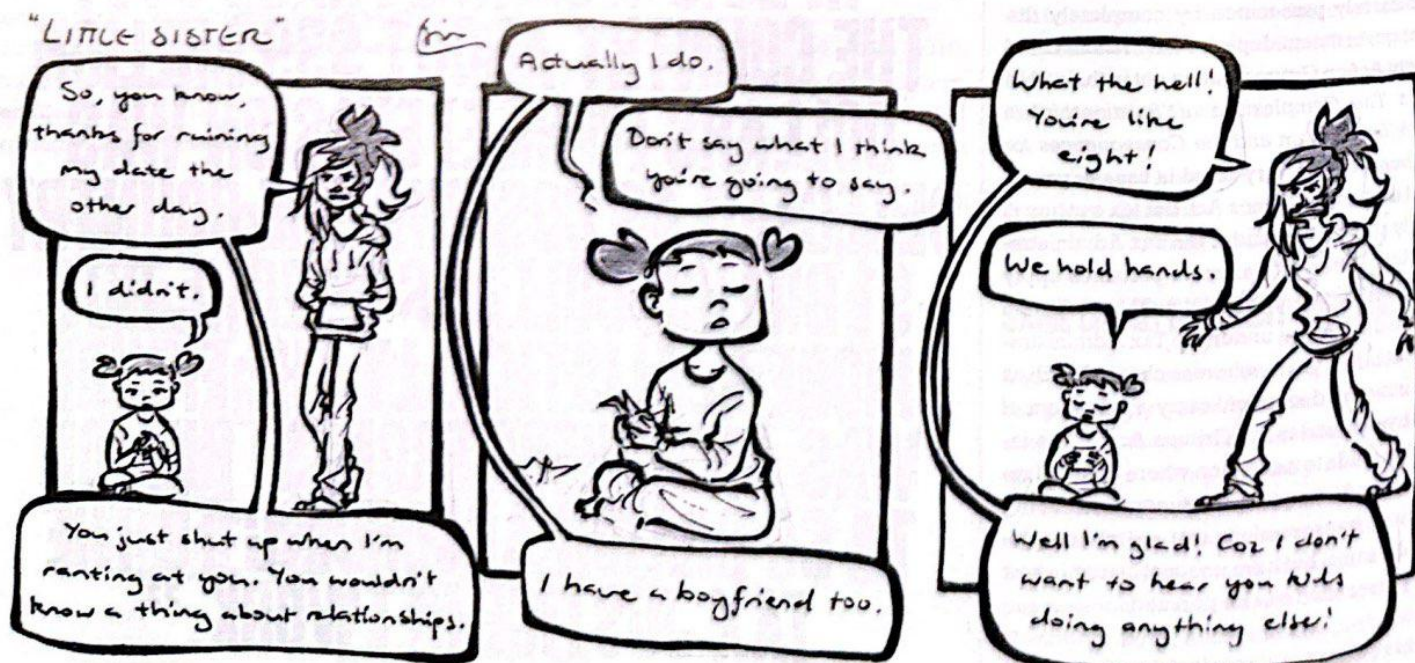
The phrase you are looking for to describe this process is 'completely fucked up'.

Catriona MacLennan is a lawyer and one of the contributors to the report. MacLennan is a hardworking advocate for women's rights, and also the rights of the poor in New Zealand. She is an outspoken and passionate figure who works tirelessly on these issues. When the report was released, MacLennan made a speech at the report's launch in which she highlighted some of the tragic cases she had seen arise from a system determined to claw back losses from the easiest targets they could find. The following is just one of the cases she presented:

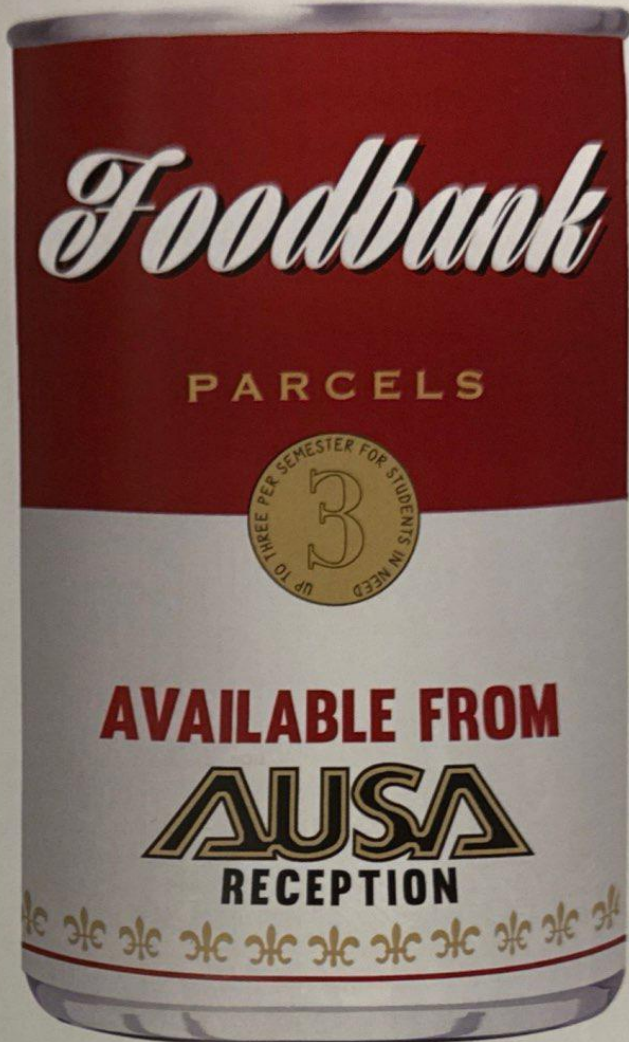
"This report is also for a woman whose child was killed by her partner. Her other children were taken away from her. Child Youth and Family told her that it would help to get her children back if she got into a stable relationship. So she started a relationship with a man who later sexually abused her children. Work and Income established a debt of over \$100,000 against her. She went to jail for six months and when she came out she still owed more than \$100,000. She will never be able to repay that debt in her lifetime. This means that she can never improve her family's financial position. If she could ever get a job — despite poor health, lack of skills, family commitments and interrupted work experience — her family would be no better off. Because, if she had extra money, Work and Income would immediately increase the amount it takes from her each week in repayment of the 'debt'."

It doesn't take a financial expert to understand that this wouldn't happen to wealthy people who are evading their tax through cynical evasion schemes. Hell, as we have already seen, when bankers commit fraud that is exponentially more damaging than this, they don't even have to say sorry. Yet despite countless examples of single mothers being brutally and mercilessly crushed by a state determined to punish the most vulnerable while rewarding the most parasitic, there doesn't seem to be any sign of the system changing. We are willing to allow ourselves to be robbed as long as the robber is wearing Armani, but as soon as we see that there are hungry children in the back seat of the car, we immediately grab our pitchforks.

Benefit fraud is absolutely a crime — but so is tax evasion. If the two crimes are philosophically the same, how the hell can we so willingly allow the larger of the two to be punished so rarely, while being callous and cold to those who do much less damage, and in some cases unintentionally? It can't be about the crime in and of itself. It's about who is committing the crime and who is easier and more viscerally pleasing to punish. This is how wide ranging economic inequality can be. It's not just a case of different people being able to buy different goods — it is a problem that means we have two different types of legal status, depending on income. And as that discrepancy between the two ends of the spectrum gets wider, this changing legal definition is going to affect more and more people to the point where it's simply not sustainable or possible to ignore. There is absolutely a 'national disgrace' that Judge Roberts should have been pissed off about. Unfortunately, he and many others have their sights set on the wrong targets.







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# LIES, DAMNED LIES AND TECHNOLOGY

BY CLARK TIPENE

**Y**OU PROBABLY USED ONE BEFORE YOU opened this magazine. You'll probably use one once you're done. You may even become thoroughly disinterested and check to see if you've got a text message halfway through. It goes without saying, but it's worth reiterating once again: tech is everywhere. Facebook, Twitter, Google, Apple, and other brands synonymous with Silicon Valley which embody the innovative, yet disruptive digital revolutions of the new millennium. But behind the allure of the aluminium unibody of a MacBook or an Android's unrivalled capacity to be upgraded and altered, there is an underbelly we conveniently prefer not to discuss. We are systematically being sold a false promise by tech giants, dreams that a piece of magnesium or plastic cannot possibly live up to. As an avid user of tech myself, to argue that technology is ruining our lives would be both a misstatement and a gross overgeneralisation. But there is something valuable in being sceptical, because to say that technology is our saviour is a trap we all too often seem to fall into.

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## SELF-DESTRUCTION OR SELF-CONSTRUCTION?

As human beings — and more particularly, as social beings — we're all in the process of constructing a self. My identity gives me the distinct sense of who I am, both as a pillar to rest on and as something I can present to other people. But we don't just share our identity with others; the very sense of who we are is constructed through others. I don't know that I'm a kind person because I know I'm kind, I know this only because others tell me that I am. In search of that identity, social networking allows us to skip the middleman and formulate the 'ideal us', even if the parallel is exaggerated or nothing like us at all. Take a now ubiquitous example: the selfie. Everyone's taking them and yet, in reality, no one ever quite lives up to their aura. We pick the angle, we pick the filter, we pick the medium on which we share it. We are in complete control over how we look and how we want to be perceived. And with that power comes a unique kind of self-indulgence.



## OBSESSED WITH THE LIVES OF OTHERS

But technology does not create purely self-interested behaviour. It's not enticing simply because of what it allows us to do, but the connection it gives us. We can see what others are doing, thinking and — sometimes against our will — having for lunch. The most visited websites are social; without others to share with, Facebook would mean precious little. We live vicariously through our friends' exploits, their travels, their concerns and their ideas. It has become the quotidian routine of many to wake up and check an array of apps before starting the day. As such, social media has become inexorably tied up with the fabric of our everyday lives, as we become intertwined with the online portrayal of our friends and family. In a way, this is nothing new, and it's no different from a conversation or discussion face-to-face, just brought into a new sphere of communication. But we don't just pull out our phones when we want to send a message; we can't help but grab them when we're in company, or when we've got nothing better to do. We are obsessed with what is going on, fearful of missing out.

## WE HAVE BEEN SOLD A CLEVER AND ELABORATE LIE

Steve Jobs said that people don't know what they want until you show it to them. It goes without saying that businesses probably know us better than we do. They are aware of the volatility of our desires, what sport teams we support, the music we adore, who inspires us and so forth. Under the auspices of Facebook and other similar media, we are handing over a great deal of important personal information, not just to our friends and family, but to businesses and the public at large.

Many believe our society has become deeply consumerist, a word at once enticing and pejorative. I'm not so sure, rather I think we've pegged particular symbolism to the acquisition of particular goods. We can't deny that

the iPhone is a 'status symbol' because it's absolutely true. We queue up outside stores just to get our hands on the latest one. We are adamant that our glitzy smartphones are useful (albeit costly) investments, but they're used less as a tool and more as a time-waster by most of us. We all download those productivity apps and resolve to use the Calendar with the best of intentions, but the truth is, most of us don't use our phones in constructive ways. They are time-wasters at worst, communicators at best, and we're convinced that we can't live without them.

## DOING MORE HARM THAN GOOD?

I remember reading a fascinating, if somewhat unsettling, article some months back which conceptualised social media as a slot machine at the casino. For some, it's hard to see why people become addicted to gambling — why don't they just walk away from the machine when they know they're losing? When we use social media, we are inputting blips of information, expecting something out of it — a like, retweet, or something similar. Getting some instrumental value out of our interactions validates our behaviour. That's why we keep coming back to Facebook when we keep losing — because sometime soon, we might just win. History has an unprecedented ability to lend insight into the present. Tobacco and cocaine used to be recommended by doctors as beneficial to our health. Studies are already revealing the negative impact that the passive consumption of Facebook is having on our psyche, even linking it to depression. How do we know the true impact that technology — in its myriad forms — is having on us?

**"I HAVE NO CHOICE, I NEED TO BE CONNECTED"**

It has come to be that our jobs demand us to constantly wire up with other people, replying to emails, working in teams, going to meetings. I've been as guilty as anyone in

recent years of being 'really busy', out of the conviction that there was always something more important and valuable to do with my time. The more I engaged with these sentiments, the more I came to see them in their utter absurdity. What could be more important than our most intimate relationships — with friends, with family, and with ourselves? Since when did Candy Crush trump a coffee catch-up with a close friend? We organise our life around our work; shouldn't it be the other way around?

## A CALL FOR SOLITUDE

To be attached to our devices is to be attached to the world. We don't often stop to think how extraordinary it is to have millions of search results appear in seconds. Twenty years ago that would have seemed impossible. More and more of us are losing true capacity for solitude as a result of technology's immense power of connection, to switch off and immerse ourselves in our own thoughts, without the whistles and marimbas of our smartphones telling us where to go, who to see, what to do next. Some have suggested a 'digital detox', involving everything the name implies: log off, put away those fancy gadgets and do something worthwhile. Read a book, go for a walk, make dinner for your family, learn a new language. Build moments of solitude and calm into your life (and no, that doesn't mean yoga and meditation, although those are perfectly acceptable alternatives). Stop wasting time finding out what others are having for lunch and make your own. I'm not convinced that a sabbath will alleviate our woes, but it gives a glimpse of a future where use of technology is more nuanced and attentive. Everything in moderation.

## SOME CLOSING REMARKS

The discourse seems to centre on a paradox; between contact and isolation, connection and disconnection. Curled up in our own world against the glare of a screen, perhaps we are missing out on the simple things. When was the last time you started a conversation with a stranger on the train? Chatted face-to-face with family members about something that was concerning them? I began by reiterating the extent to which technology has pervaded our everyday lives for the better, saving us time, money, and effort, paving the way for more immersive and meaningful experiences. But another view needs to be voiced in the debate: where do we draw the line between the harmless, the habit, and the downright dangerous? Let's not be fooled: tech giants will happily sell us the dream, but the rest is up to us.

**"EVERYONE'S TAKING [SELFIES] AND YET, IN REALITY, NO PERSON EVER QUITE LIVES UP TO THEIR AURA. WE PICK THE ANGLE, WE PICK THE FILTER, WE PICK THE MEDIUM ON WHICH WE SHARE IT. WE ARE IN COMPLETE CONTROL OVER HOW WE LOOK AND HOW WE WANT TO BE PERCEIVED."**



# TALES FROM THE HALLS

BY LEXI FINUCANE

**S**CIENTISTS SAY THAT THERE IS A CYCLE OF adapting to a new place. The first stage is the wild excitement of adjusting to somewhere foreign, finally stepping off that plane and into the unknown. The second is the slow realisation of getting to grips with where you will be living for the foreseeable future; you begin to struggle a lot and get a bit homesick. The final stage is acceptance, in which you grow so accustomed to everything around you, both good and bad, that you just get on with it. Now, all of this would be far more exciting if the new place was Paris, and you were dealing with the Frogs, or Argentina dealing with the Gauchos, or anywhere remotely more exciting than Auckland. The university halls just don't have quite the same effect as staying in the 'City of Lights'.

Moving into the hall and all that comes with it, for many, is an exciting new start. You finally get to be away from the nagging parents, yet you are still in a nice little bubble without landlords, electricity bills, or arguments with your flatmate about Pak'n'Save versus Countdown.

Now, continuing with the whole scientific theory spiel (because who said Arts students can't?) — the one thing I think they definitely missed was a mention of those first few days. You know, the ones where you feel like you're twelve again, and are forced to introduce yourself to your neighbour and then awkwardly tell each other personal facts. Suddenly, meeting the others actually seems appealing, mainly to dilute the clunky interaction with other awkward fresher chat. Cue this for the next few days. Further 'icebreaker' sessions are inevitable; ours was the mortifying game of 'Two Truths, One Lie', where the truths actually proved more difficult than anything else. How am I meant to come up with one, let alone two, interesting, yet not too braggy for this tall poppy country, facts about myself? Luckily everyone just resorted to stating the number of siblings they have. Phew, crisis averted.

The first meals are of course just as terrible, and knocking on the door of someone you've known for less than twelve hours is a challenge for even the extra extroverted. Big ups to those people by the way — you're great

in the first week, then your perkiness only serves to annoy everyone else for the rest of the year. The meals themselves are surprisingly not too bad. Serving three meals a day to 400+ students is a bit of a mammoth task. Hence why I try to bite my tongue when people who have never left home before, now referred to as 'the foetuses', begin to complain that their steak isn't medium rare, or that the endless supply of stir fry isn't quite up to their standards. Welcome to the real world. The world where the meals aren't as great as Mummy's quinoa and kale salad, but they're a hell of a lot better than the instant noodles you'd be cooking for yourself.

After a couple of weeks, everyone seems to have settled into a nice little routine. You've reached the stage of 'cultural adjustment': you know where to go, what to do, have figured out which is the best shower, and the nicest member of the kitchen staff to sidle up to when you're hoping for seconds. You begin to feel far more settled, and have even made some friends — who knew that those icebreakers were there for a reason? The foetuses continue to be a source of both humour and annoyance as you watch them struggle to do the most basic of tasks: washing clothes without shrinking them, vacuuming their own rooms, and remembering to shower at least twice a week in the shockingly scandalous co-ed bathrooms.

Now, having just conquered the idea of moving into a new place, the realisation soon starts to kick in: you're here, and you're staying. University work, tests, and assignments begin to pile up, and the cruel notion of actually studying sinks in. Referencing seems to be far too overvalued, and word counts are a killer. Gone are the days of NCEA, where you can get credits for sewing and cooking, as well as solving calculus equations. The 'little fish, big pond' syndrome rears its head, and people are left floundering having realised no one really gives a shit about how many excellence credits they earned in Year 12 English. Next you get to meet the wonderful people that well and truly put you in your place — you know, the ones that just happened to get five NZQA Outstanding Scholarships in between representing New Zealand for athletics and reaching Grade 8 in

Piano, all whilst feeding blind homeless orphan puppies on the weekends. The ones that make you realise just how painfully average you are.

Despite the rollercoaster of emotions that is the first semester, hopefully by now you've started to like the place, and feel settled in. The thought of exams ahead far outweighs any troubles you had wandering around aimlessly on your first day, desperately trying to look as though you fit in. You laugh at the Overheard posts, and even attempt to make one or two of your own, much to the dismay of everyone who has already overseen the Eng lecturer unicycle for the past four years.

Hall life is now normal. Your room is your own, and you can share a joke or two with the poor RAs whose wages get docked if they don't laugh. You've got to a point where, despite the number on the scales rising, and the number in your bank balance falling, you're feeling good. You're at uni, in the hall, and in fact, you're half-way through your first year. Basically, you will only just settle in before the reality of flat hunting in Auckland hits, so better enjoy it while you can.







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# AUSA

SERVING STUDENTS

## REMOVE THE 7 YEAR STUDENT LOAN CAP FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS

THE NEW ZEALAND MEDICAL STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

**T**HIS HAS BEEN A WHIRLWIND WEEK FOR THE New Zealand Medical Students Association (NZMSA) with their campaign for an exemption on the 7EFTS cap on student loans becoming viral on both social media and mainstream media. This article aims to outline the issue and then provides links to our petition and One News snippet.

### WHAT IS 7 EQUIVALENT FULL TIME STUDENT (EFTS) POINTS?

The 7 EFTS policy means students can only borrow for seven years' worth of study. Once this limit has been reached, students can no longer claim any student loan or allowance from Studylink whatsoever, and are required to cover all study costs themselves. The 7 EFTS cap is intended to target students who are not finishing their degrees and move them into the workforce. However, the cap also disproportionately affects postgraduate entrant Medical students.

### POSTGRADUATE MEDICAL STUDENTS, 7EFTS CAP AND STUDENT LOANS

In 2017 there will be approximately 143 postgraduate medical students in the class. Under the current regime, 90% of these students will lose access to student loan funding in this year due to hitting the 7 EFTS cap. They will then be expected to pay the \$20,000 for their course without assistance from Studylink.

Currently, there are exemptions to the cap for those undertaking postgraduate and doctoral study. These students have been identified as deserving additional funding because they are high achieving students who require more time to complete valuable courses. We believe that postgraduate-entry medical students should also be included in this group and be given an exemption from the 7 EFTS cap.

### WHY DOES 7EFTS AFFECT POSTGRADUATE-ENTRY MEDICAL STUDENTS DISPROPORTIONATELY?

Postgraduate students commence a medical degree having already completed 3 or 4 EFTS, and they then have only 4 or 3 EFTS (respectively) available to them to complete their medical degree. These students comprise about 25% of the class in both New Zealand medical schools with plans to rise to 30%. A medical degree for a graduate entrant requires a total of 4.95 EFTS, meaning they will be unable to claim any funding for their ultimate and/or penultimate years of study.

### SHOULD MEDICAL STUDENTS BE EXEMPT FROM THE 7EFTS POLICY?

There are a couple of reasons why medical students should be exempt from the normal 7EFTS policy.

First, the course fees for a medical degree are approximately \$15,000 per year, which is two to three times higher than most other courses. Where funding for living costs and course related costs is sought, the total may be over \$20,000 per year. This makes it less very unlikely students can fund the fee requirements by themselves.

Secondly, due to the large course load a medical degree requires, students have less time to work to support themselves. This problem is especially evident in years 4-6 of the degree, where they are expected to spend at least 8am to 4pm in hospitals. Both medical schools advise against part-time work in recognition of the high course load demanded.

### IN DEFENCE OF THE EFTS SCHEME?

The Government has highlighted issues with introducing an exemption to the 7 EFTS cap for medical students. The first argument is that the cap is to ensure that students complete their degrees in the fastest time possible. However, postgraduate students are completing their degrees in the minimum possible time as allowed by the entry requirements.

The Government also argues that high achieving students are still able to complete a medical degree within the 7EFTS limit by entering through the competitive first-year entry scheme. Yet the Government has mandated a portion of spaces in New Zealand medical schools be reserved for graduate entrants. These students have maintained high grades throughout their degrees and are therefore high-achieving students who

deserve to be funded.

Postgraduate medical students are important as they bring diversity to the class with their varied backgrounds, are more likely to stay in New Zealand after graduation, and are more likely to become GPs. The medical schools want post graduate students because of the benefits they bring.

Why government funding is essential for post-graduate students.

The Government has suggested various alternatives to Study link funding. Unfortunately, none of these constitute a feasible option for all graduate entry students.

**Trainee Intern grants:** This is a \$26,000 stipend received in a student's final year of medicine. However, it is paid as a monthly stipend, whereas fees are required to be paid in advance, and is of no assistance to students who hit the 7EFTS cap in their penultimate year of study.

**External Loans:** No major banks are willing to extend credit to students with minimal income and no assets without a guarantor. As discussed earlier, not all students may access a guarantor, especially those from lower socio-economic groups. Moreover, the interest burden of a bank loan will be enormous, especially given it may be up to two years before income is generated to begin to pay it down.

**Employment or Savings:** To earn the \$20,000 required to pay for the course and living costs, a student would need to work for at least 20 hours per week earning \$20.00 per hour after tax, and save all of it in order to pay fees in advance. This is not feasible given the large course load of a medical student.

### OUR SOLUTION

The existing exemptions framework could easily be expanded to include postgraduate entry medical students, and we strongly feel it should.

Rohit Katial

Auckland NZMSA Representative

### SHOW YOUR SUPPORT!

Find out more online, and make sure you sign the NZMSA petition.

WEBSITE: [HTTPS://WWW.NZMSA.ORG.NZ](https://www.nzmsa.org.nz)

FACEBOOK: [HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/NZMSA](https://www.facebook.com/nzmsa)

PETITION: [HTTP://CHN.GE/1BN4UAR](http://chn.ge/1BN4UAR)

ONE NEWS: [HTTP://BIT.LY/1GAQHLO](http://bit.ly/1GAQHLO)





## EXAMS: THE LOWDOWN

**UNFORTUNATELY (AND UNEXPECTEDLY, FOR many of us), exams will soon be upon us.**

### BEFORE YOUR EXAM

**Ask for help – DON'T PANIC:** Feeling panicked? Trying to "revise" but don't feel like you've ever seen the material before? Don't feel alone – the important thing is to ask for help.

Student Learning Services is a great place to turn. They offer workshops, resources and advice to help students develop skills all year round – and exams are as good a time to turn to them as ever. Upcoming workshops include Exams: Answering multi-choice, essay and short answer questions and Exams: Preparing and revising. Check out [www.library.auckland.ac.nz/student-learning](http://www.library.auckland.ac.nz/student-learning) to book a workshop or learn more.

If you're feeling stuck, remember that the University is filled with people who want to help students. Talking to your friends and classmates is a great way to start, and forming or joining a study group is even better. But remember that your tutor and lecturer are also there to help – turn to your support network if you are struggling to keep up with study.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN FOR NOMINATIONS OF 2016 AUSA EXECUTIVE OFFICER POSITIONS**

**PRESIDENT ADMINISTRATIVE VICE-PRESIDENT**  
**EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT**  
**WELFARE VICE-PRESIDENT**  
**TREASURER**

**Don't sit three exams in a row:** While the University introduced evening exams in 2010, you do not have to sit three consecutive exams even if that is what your examination timetable coughs up.

**If you have three exams in a day, or an evening exam followed by a morning and afternoon exam the next day, or any other permutation of three exams directly in a row, you should have been contacted by the Examinations Office. Check your student email, or get in touch with the Examinations Office pronto – no need to do it if you don't have to!**

### EXAM DAY

**Know what to do if you are sick or unable to attend your exam:** If you are cannot sit your exam because you are sick or because of personal circumstances, you may make an appeal or compassionate application. Applications are made through University Health Services. University Health Services have special slots available for this purpose (academic slots), so make it clear to them why you require help and make sure you are seen quickly – not as a routine appointment. Call 09 923 7681 and ask for an Academic slot.

If something happens, it is important to see a registered doctor, dentist or counsellor as soon as you can – you must do so on the day of your exam. You then must submit an application within 7 days of the date of your last exam. If you can, you should try to sit your exam anyway and then apply immediately as [www.ausa.org.nz/support/welfare](http://www.ausa.org.nz/support/welfare) to apply.

**Remember your ID Card:** Make sure you remember to take your Student ID card to your exam, or you will face a \$25 fine. How-

Nominations open on Friday, 22 May 2015

Nomination forms are available from AUSA Reception, 4 Alfred Street

Nominations close at 3.00 pm on Friday, 24 July 2015. They must be handed in to AUSA Reception only.

In accordance with the Auckland University Students' Association's Constitution, nominations are open to currently enrolled students of the University of Auckland, who must be members of AUSA. Accordingly, all nominees must present proof of current

### HANDY CONTACTS

If you miss an exam, need to apply for different conditions, or have any queries, the first people to contact are the Examinations Office.

EMAIL: [EXAMS@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ](mailto:EXAMS@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ)  
 LOCATION: LEVEL G, THE CLOCKTOWER BUILDING

If you need help with academic and research skills, contact Student Learning Services.

EMAIL: [SLSS@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ](mailto:SLSS@AUCKLAND.AC.NZ)  
 LOCATION: LEVEL 3, KATE EDGER INFORMATION COMMONS

If you want to appeal a decision, make a complaint about a service, or need help advocating for yourself, contact the AUSA Student Advice Hub, who provide free, confidential and independent support and advice.

EMAIL: [CITYHUB@AUSA.ORG.NZ](mailto:CITYHUB@AUSA.ORG.NZ)  
 LOCATION: OLD CHORAL HALL, 3 ALFRED ST

### AFTER EXAMS

**Know how to get your papers returned:** You can request a copy of your exam script online at [www.auckland.ac.nz/exams](http://www.auckland.ac.nz/exams). Note that if you want to request a recount, you will need to apply for a photocopy of your examination script within three months of the end of the examination period. While you may request a recount, this is only a recount to ensure all pages have been marked and the marks have been added up correctly. You may not apply to have your exam remarked.

Nominations open on Friday, 22 May 2015

Nomination forms are available from AUSA Reception, 4 Alfred Street

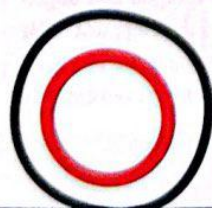
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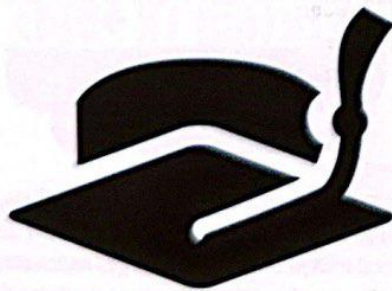
**AUSA**  
SERVING STUDENTS

AUSA Returning Officer



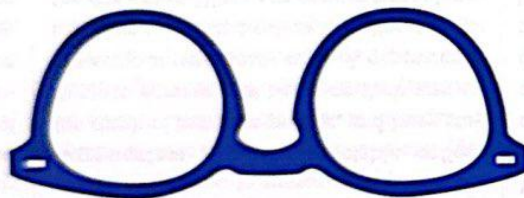


**CAMPUS SPECS**  
how you see the world



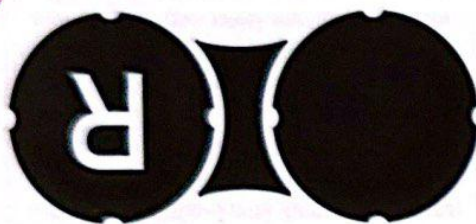
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## WHAT YOUR COFFEE SAYS ABOUT YOU

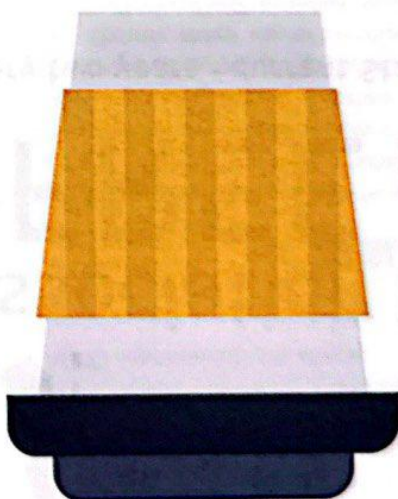
**B**Y LORRY MCCARTHY WE HAVE ALL done this quiz a hundred times on some website, but here it is, the genuine truth revealed, the culmination of hours spent in coffee shops waiting for, ordering and drinking coffee and observing the ordering patterns of fellow patrons by a dedicated coffee expert (read: coffee addicted broke student spending every spare cent on caffeine).

**Hot Chocolate:** Don't even pretend, okay? This is cute, a sweet idea for a cold night or an early morning, but not a coffee. We all know some of you just get it for the cup, so you can pretend there's coffee inside. The real coffee drinkers aren't judging, just don't try to camouflage yourself amongst us, we seasoned caffeine consumers can tell the difference between a sugar high and a caffeine buzz just by looking into your lying eyes.

**MochaCino:** Get off the grass young one. You have clearly just stepped into the world of caffeine, fresh off the back end of experimentation with hot chocolate. MochaCinos are the equivalent of a gateway drug — they're an easy transition from hot chocolate, not too much caffeine, but the day will come when there won't be quite enough coffee and you'll be left craving another shot of espresso....

**Chai Latte:** Soccer mom. You enjoy weekend

catch ups with the girls, wearing mom jeans and designer sunglasses, sipping chai lattes out of glasses and regaling one another with tales of the antics of your little tykes. You are at the cusp of coffee and tea, not quite willing to let go of those crazy caffeine fuelled days of your youth, but not quite ready for the tepid tempo of tea. We see right through you soccer moms.



**Cappuccino:** A real respectable coffee, the drink of business people, and busy students in scarves and boots on their way to get some serious study done. A cappuccino says focus and dedication to coffee and to the day ahead. When someone in front of you orders a cappuccino, you almost want to tip your hat to them in respect — they know a good coffee, and one that won't take years to make and further separate you from your own caffeine fix.

**Black Coffee:** No funny business here either, you are in this for the coffee. You like your coffee as fresh off the grind as it gets. No sooner is it thought into existence, the black coffee finds its way down your highly heat tolerant throat, into your abnormally tough stomach. Maybe you're in it for the caffeine buzz, maybe you're in it for the hipsterdom, because coffee with milk is way too Americanised mainstream for your refined tastes. Either way, your throat is lined with the armour of Napoleon's army because you pour that boiling bean water down your throat faster than a barista can say "To go?"

**Flat White:** Good ole Kiwi classic, the default coffee of our nation. You are the strong silent type, you like your coffee just as it should be; coffee and nothing else. You understand that asking the waitress for coffee translates to asking for a flat white, and aren't upset when they don't deliver the triple-shot-mocha-wocha-caramel-chino you expected them to know you wanted. You've got your stuff sorted, and wait staff love ya for it.

Waiting for coffee has got to be one of the most trying and boring experiences of the coffee drinking student's day, so take the opportunity to observe your fellow beings in their natural habitat, the coffee shop. It's true that dogs look like their owners, perhaps not. Let me know, I desperately need something to take my mind off the thought of strangling the girl at the front of the line who just ordered a triple-shot-mocha-wocha-caramel-chino.

## MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK

BY CARLA BONILO

**D**ATING IS A COMPLEX BEAST. As a chronic singleton, I struggle when tapped on the shoulder by the spindly talons of the dating world. I eagerly cling to any opportunity to find my elusive Prince Charming. However, every time Ursula screws me over. The only thing my colourful dating history appears to be good for is a laugh. So, here you are. As a study distraction, I present to you a highlights reel of my love life:

- The self-proclaimed entrepreneur who, when driving me home, turned to me and said with overflowing eagerness and sincerity "would you like a mint?".
- The guy who vomited all over the taxi on the way home from a night out in town and then proceeded to lock himself in the

• The older man whose parting words to me in the wee hours of the morning were "so yeah, if you need any help with law then probably don't ask me — my notes aren't very good. Nice to meet you, bye".

• The older man whose parting words to me in his own regurgitated fluid about having to rescue him from drowning on full throttle. I still have nightmares in his own regurgitated fluid.

**"LURED IN EVERY TIME LIKE A WIDE-EYED ARIEL, I EAGERLY CLING TO ANY OPPORTUNITY TO FIND MY ELUSIVE PRINCE CHARMING. HOWEVER, EVERY TIME URSULA SCREWS ME OVER."**

- The male who told me at dinner that I shouldn't be eating the rice on my plate because "let's be honest, your body doesn't really need any more carbs".
- The guy whose car broke down whilst parked up on a grassy ledge overlooking the cityscape one night. It was very romantic until we had to get the nearest neighbourhoods to jump start the engine. Mortifying.
- The man who cancelled our date because he allegedly had to skype his brother who was bickering through Azerbaijan. Yes, that is honestly what he said to me.

- The male who messaged me the morning after our date with the classic opening line of "one goodnight kiss is owed from you to me". Needless to say, I whipped out my Kate Sheppard pass and put him right back in his chauvinistic place.
- The guy who was at least half a head shorter than me. Regrets.



sonal distaste for sourdough. The flavours were delicious, but alas, there was a general consensus that the bread-to-cheese ratio was off. Digging through the tough crust was a great exercise in working for your supper, but in this case the cheesy elysium was too hard to find. Put simply: too much carby crust, too little cheesy crescendo. At this point CB was overwhelmed with regret (no blame being placed on Chuffed) at failing to order the side of bacon, the sandwich simply wasn't entirely satisfying.

Would we go back? Definitely. SS stared wide-eyed at the egg and soldiers being served to the table next to us, and CB deliberated seriously about getting something from the counter. We left thinking that Chuffed would be a great place to pursue some caffeine-assisted study, or for a cheeky breakfast date to start the weekend right on a Friday morning. 3/5

P.S. CB and SS are new at this. After going to Chuffed and giving a fair 3, we'd like to amend last week's rating. Rosie gets a 2. Sorry. We'll learn.

Shook the rain from our hair. The service at Chuffed was friendly and attentive — we felt welcome and seen even though it was fairly busy and an all-around soggy morning. The menu itself was beautiful, and making a final decision on what to order proved difficult. It was noted that Chuffed has a range of tasty-sounding vegetarian options. We all ordered coffees, which were hot and suitably strong (even if one did get lost on the way).

GS and SS shared the homemade crumpets, accompanied by housemade ricotta and honeycomb. Although SS has always been shy about squidgy crumpets that dads love to buy when there's a 3-for-1 at Countdown, Chuffed's creations were deemed delicious. SS thought they tasted so yummy with yeast that they were beer-like. GS actually drinks beer and declared CB ordered the grilled cheese, which came with smoked provolone, gruyere, bransion pickle, shallot, chive and aioli. It also happened to be on sourdough bread, which was appreciated despite CB's per-

**CHUFFED**  
CAFÉ REVIEW

**S** O GLAD THAT YOU'RE JOINING US FOR ANOTHER CAFE REVIEW. This time Captain Bacon and Sergeant Spinach, joined by special guest General Scotsman, kept things local. We headed to a cool hang out to get there, but far enough from campus that you can no longer smell the first years' fear. On a rainy Friday morning, we found ourselves venturing down a corridor on High Street to the mysterious Chuffed. This establishment came highly recommended from a friend of considerable cultural pas-tiche.

When we walked in the place looked fairly small, but we were led out into a cute, whimsical courtyard that harboured a fireplace and lots of greenery. The space was warm and sheltered, but the blast fresh air was definitely welcome as we feasted our eyes on the mural decorating the building next door.

We sat down to a quickly cleared table and

able lessons to be learnt from cooking, when you're currently putting off the lessons you should have learnt all semester in Legal Ethics. There's that domestic goddess sense of accomplishment when you make something perfectly the first time around, or accepting that practice makes perfect if something goes awry. The satisfaction that comes from procrastinating while actually being productive — expanding your repertoire of recipes and skills — plus the joyful promise of a full belly, offers the perfect headspace to settle down to study. If the feta and ginger loaf needs 45 minutes in the oven, there's a 45 minute study slot to work on those exam notes. Even better if you're slow cooking something. The timer goes off, the smell wafts through the house and it's time for a study break! While it may appear to be pure procrastination, baking has magical ways to make you unexpectedly diligent. If you're the kind of person who works better under pressure, once the dough's in the oven you've got a strict half hour of cramming until pens down — or the bread's burnt. So I guess what I'm trying to say is that, when it comes to procrastinating and doing actual study, you can have your cake and eat it too.

On that note, I'm intending to cross a plum and sour cream cake, dark chocolate hazelnut tart, bageles and a bunch of different dahls, soups and dinner options off my to-cook list.

of baking nourishes the stomach and soul. Personally, I'm less of a procrastinator and more of a procrastinacook. And because there's only so much cream my arteries can handle, I'm looking forward to dedicating time to cooking more family dinners. Planning and creating nutritious dishes ticks all the boxes: health, being a good daughter, avoiding study.

**“SO I GUESS WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT, WHEN IT COMES TO PROCRASTINATING AND DOING ACTUAL STUDY, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO.”**

The therapeutic nature of pouring your energy into a lovingly prepared meal is surely undisputed. There's the cathartic release of punching risen dough, the soothing repetition of stirring a pot, or sobbing uncontrollably about your doomed GPA but sweating to Mum that it really is just the onions, honestly. As procrastination pastimes, cooking and baking rise to the top. There are value-

**W** E'VE REACHED THE END OF THE SEMESTER. The frosty June air not only ushers in the unabashed wearing of Kathmandu puffers, but also exam season and a craving for hearty win-try comfort foods. Combine the last two and you've got the ultimate procrastination activity — procrastinating (or cooking!) To get myself through the coming three weeks of infinite readings and practice question-induced hand cramps, I've got my study essentials lined up: a pack of new highlighters, butter, flour and sugar. (A little voice says maybe I should be concerned that this is my second column on procrastination, but that little voice doesn't have a sweet tooth and shouldn't really be trusted).

If my internet history was tracked during the months of May and June, my increased appetite for food blogs would quickly become apparent. Rampant consumption of recipes, bookmarks upon bookmarks, sneaky tabs open during lectures.

When you're rugged up in your poorly-insulated overvalued Auckland home, a spot

**LET THE (PROCRASTI) GAMES BEGIN**  
BY ISABELLE RUSSELL



You need to be able to stride into a room and say your name, and have people start taking notes because they know you mean business. You need to have a name so striking that "Michael Caine" voice. Perfection.

Mickiewicz. Imagine him saying that in his was actually originally called Maurice Joseph Curn. Drake's name, endearingly, is Au-Mironov, and Judy Garland was once Ethel en Mirren was born Illyna Lydia Vasilievna Wilde used to be Olivia Jane Cockburn. Hel-tors who have changed their names to make their personal brand more appealing. Olivia make it in this world. Just look at all the actors who need a snappy name to

They're fuckwits.

you. But I do mean to offend your parents. if this is your name — I don't mean to offend becomes a Kaytlynne, I draw the line. Sorry Caitlyn or Kaitlin is desirable, but as soon as it course, on coffee cups at Starbucks. A cheeky the time; in emails, on certificates, and of "Caitlin Abbey". This bullshit happens all of Issue Ten, some genius referred to me as In Craccum's "Letters to the Editor" section ing called Caitlin, yet people still fuck it up. up, they're GROSS). I got off pretty lightly be- from a nasty bout of tonsillitis (look them coughing up a furball, or perhaps suffering New Zealanders and you'd think they were when said properly, but give them to most Aolbhearn and Caitlin sound beautiful turned out a lot worse. Names like Meadhbh, ents wanted an Irish name, which could have mous. "Caitlin Abbey" isn't the worst. My par- ever other than my name could never be fa- big time. This is for no other reason whatso- pretty hot, but still, I will never make it to the time makeup artist/sorcerer could make me my face is nondescript enough that a full- a loud voice, I can cry on demand, and I never going to be famous. Sure, I have

**I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT I AM**

BY CAITLIN ABLEY

## BY ANY OTHER NAME

**"YOU WANT A NAME SO GOOD THAT  
YOUR WAY UP THE RANKS OF YOUR  
CAPITALIST-CESSPIT OF A LAW  
FIRM, AFTER SACRIFICING EVERY  
ONE OF YOUR CLOSE RELATIONSHIPS  
AND SHORTENING YOUR LIFESPAN  
BY TEN YEARS DUE TO HEART  
DISEASE, THEY ADD YOUR NAME  
TO THE FIGUREHEAD, BECAUSE IT'S  
THAT GODDAMN GOOD."**

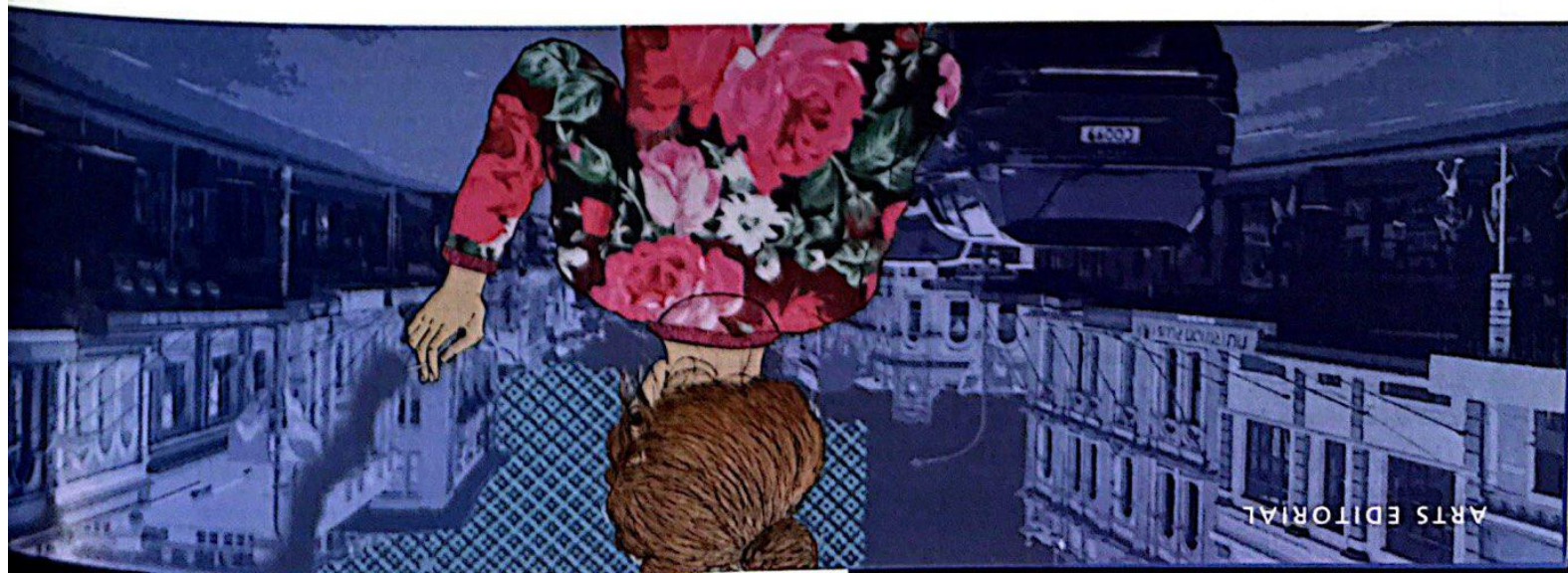
So next time you get rejected from that job at that marketing firm you're just dying to make photocopies at after you've paid thirty-grand to get a degree, don't blame yourself, blame your parents. They obviously didn't brand you right.

just screams landed gently.

istic integrity? Of-bloody-course-not. They got there because Denton and Margetts are damned great names. Denton Margetts could easily be a law firm — if Jordan weren't such a flamboyant minority-lover. Let's be real, you started reading Connie G's column the second the byline changed to Conrad Grimshaw, didn't you? We all trust someone with a great, big, strapping name, don't we? Deep down, you instinctively love someone whose name

Do you really think the editors of Craccum this year got their esteemed position because of their talent and thirst for journal-urehead, because it's that goddamn good.

heart disease, they add your name to the fig-shortening your lifespan by ten years due to ing every one of your close relationships and capitalist-cesspit of a law firm, after sacrific-ally made your way up the ranks of your You want a name so good that when you have drops one of them, they choose yours to keep. with your partners and your kid eventually name that, when you hypenate your name David Bain. You want to have the kind of sur-A name like Denny Crane, or Usain Bolt, or last name together, like you're an institution. people can't help but say both your first and





BY MATTHEW DENTON

Perfect 2 had a "modest" budget of 29 million). Splurging that kind of money means they need some form of financial guarantee it will pay off, otherwise the industry would not survive. And *Pitch Perfect 2* has performed very well at the box office. It has earned over 120 million and surpassed the original in just five days. So in terms of business, it is irrational to turn down potentially millions of dollars of revenue from doing something over one more time.

the next five years. This is quite the step up from the already high number of 30 sequels screened in 2014 and represents a new focus in our mainstream movies: sequels, trilogies and franchises. The question is, does the rise of the sequel represent a general lack of creativity in the industry or simply a safe bet in banking in the box office?

In terms of quality, sequels almost never out-perform the original. With exceptions like *The Dark Knight*, or *The Lord of the Rings*, sequels seem to be disappointments, where gags or storylines are reshaped and originally is lost. When this happens, it's hard not to think that the pool of creativity has dried up in Hollywood. But when it works well, the first movie can be a springboard for new developments and adventures which is just as exciting.

While going to the movies is seen as entertainment or a simple pastime and there are enough awards (and English classes) to see films as art forms, we have to remember Hollywood and the film industry is big business. We are talking budgets of millions of dollars (*Pitch*

*Pitch Perfect 2* was overall a solid movie. It was funny, and allowed us another glimpse at some cool characters. But ultimately I left the cinema confused as to why this film had merited a sequel, particularly considering that the ending had left it open enough to create a franchise inevitable of the *Fast and Furious* series.

**RESIDENT O'BAMA SITS AT HIS BIRTHDAY BASH** eagerly awaiting the special performers. The curtain opens, and the Barden Bellas captivate their audience with an acappella rendition of the classiest song for the Head of State—"Timber". Then, coming in like a wrecking ball, Fat Army shows off her funny, and Pitch Perfect 2 begins.

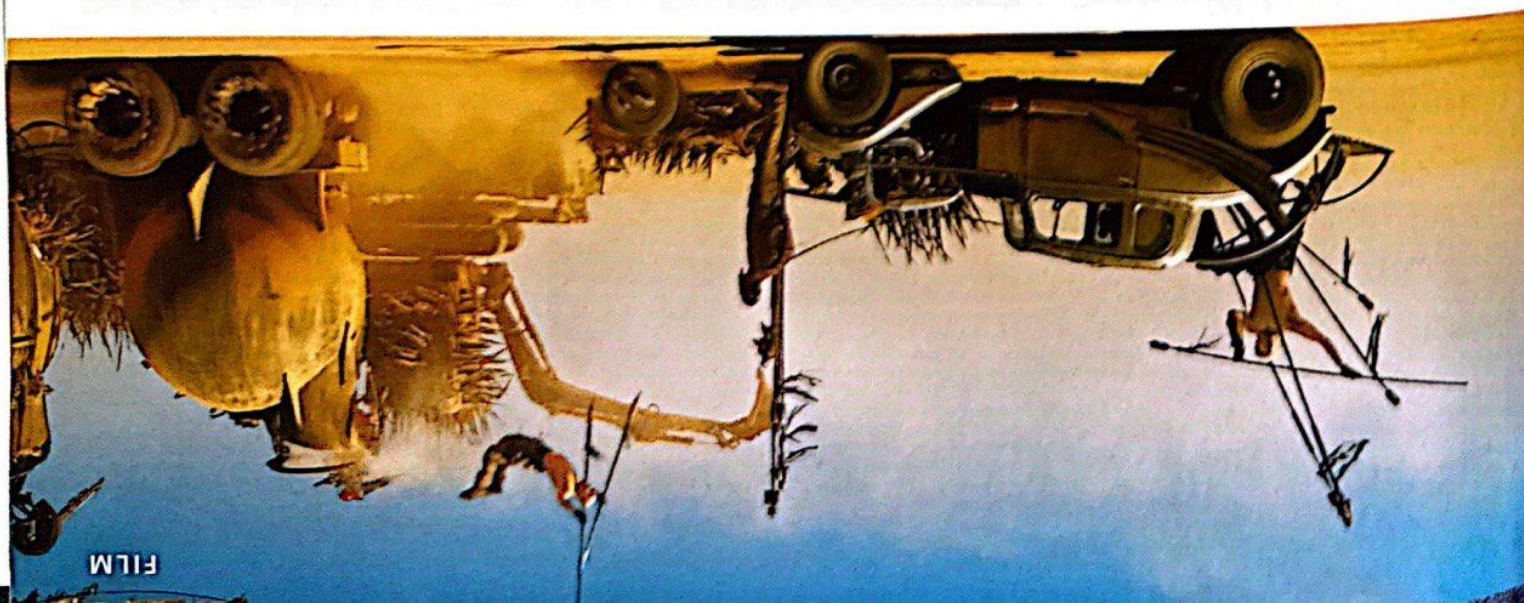
## PITCH PERFECT 2

I AM IN MANY MINDS OVER GEORGE MILLER'S RE-  
boot of his *Mad Max* series. Coming in to watch the film, I had very vague memories of watching the other parts of the series as a child. I couldn't remember much (perhaps as a result of my attempt to erase every Mel Gibson role from my brain), and when I can't remember something well it often means I hated it or it was shit. So I was a little apprehensive, or rather indifferent, as to whether I saw the film or not. I had heard (g)umblings about its supposed "feminism" and I'm a bit of a blind follower for anything Charlize Theron does (minus *A Million Ways To Die In The West*) so off I went, hoping for at least a halfway decent and entertaining way to spend my Friday night.

What I saw was immediately — and increas-  
ingly — gripping. I feel like I use way too many

## MAD MAX: FURY ROAD

usually thinks of a majority male cast, with a token female who suddenly does something mind-blowing in the last twenty minutes, but *Mad Max* was completely the opposite. Afterwards, I did start to think back on the feminist label the film had accrued via the media and the question "Is it really feminist?" came to mind. Invariably it is, but I suppose my question was more to do with the kind of feminism it proposed. First-wave, maybe second-wave. It seemed very period piece to me after thinking this, an odd thing to tip a dystopian film as. This was of course exacerbated by the fact that most post-apocalyptic films, including this one, tend to be the return of humankind (read: white people) to 'savagery' (read: fetishisation/fantasy of struggle). I think older white person/social justice warrior does their take on 'issues'. This isn't a film essay though, so I'll shut up now and let you go make up your own mind.





REVIEW BY SAMANTHA GIANOTTI

While the film's absurdity is undeniable, credit must be given where credit is due. The Wachowskis were ambitious in building a sci-fi universe with history and tradition, brought to life by stunning scenery and really great costumes. *Jupiter Ascending* is a good, bad movie that should be watched, but should not be watched alone. Seeing Ed Red's monologue in his space cape is not half as hilarious without someone to turn to and say, "Look at Ed Red monologuing in his space cape. He won an Oscar".

seems to very much want to have sex with her (???). Or the fact that Eddie Redmayne ambles around barefoot in a cape, appearing so uninterested in the very act of breathing that his voice is reduced to something akin to a person with a sizeable item of food lodged in their esophagus.

I promise you, I tried to make that make sense. It should be said that this scant overview leaves out such stellar plot points as the revelation that Jupiter is a genetic reincarnation of the Abrasax's mother, and how Balen Abrasax (Eddie Redmayne) very much wants to strangle her, while his brother Titus (Douglas Booth)

man and save the planet. to thwart their genocidal plans, woo the (wolf) to add to their assemblage. It is down to Jupiter (who all prove to be totes on board with mass murder) each want the earth for themselves (as the three children of the Abrasax dynasty, embroiled in a situation of absurd sibling rivalry, escape sequence. Jupiter ultimately becomes half of the city of Chicago in what is a pretty rad is the owner of the earth, before they destroy man, part wolf. He promptly tells Jupiter that she er-boot-wearing space outlaw who is part human plot by Caine (Channing Tatum), a hover-

This movie was a delight. Please bear with me as I try to recount the insane details of its storyline.

turn as a shirtless, wispy space villain.

Award winning actor Eddie Redmayne takes a desot with her, and esteemed Academy Channing Tatum is a wolf-man hybrid entirely ty. Milla Kunis is the owner of the actual earth, plot points and unintentional hilarity aplenty. It is a ridiculous movie, with preposterous then you were absolutely, one hundred percent right, that looks like a ridiculous movie",

Ascending late last year and thought, "wow, that looks like a ridiculous movie",

IF ANY OF YOU CAUGHT THE TRAILER FOR JUPITER

## JUPITER ASCENDING

FILM REVIEW

FILM

REVIEW BY MARK FULLERTON

It was an odd night.

child, and the show came to an abrupt end. cceeded, Felicity returned with her newborn the plasticine world to rescue Noel. They suc- ed to fantasy-land and the trio ventured into five minutes. Soon, though, we were transport- it at the news, delaying the narrative by a good of hermit crabs. Fielding ever-so-slightly lost night in announcing he works as a re-houser member Steve, who delivered the line of the lackaway. They found the hero in audience and rave king Big Chief Whoolabum Booma- in the plasticine world. Out came Fantasy Man Nick Cave minotaur had taken Noel hostage tablishing that David Bowie and the reverse making his way through the audience and es- Raymond Boombox was the first to arrive, cast of characters. New York policeman Sgt. audience, this opened up the stage to a whole had been kidnapped! Fortunately for the au- Tragedy struck after the interval — Noel

out of politeness. which the audience is really only laughing and sometimes go on and on to the point at On his own, jokes wander wildly and vaguely with other, more straight-jacketed comedians. panel shows, come from his back-and-forth Boosh, and his popularity on various British ing flounders somewhat. The success of the comfortable reminder that on his own, Field- A charming, natural sentiment, but an un- with "I'm not too sure where this is going", barely any of which landed. He ended jokes penis jokes (a "Toblerone") and AIDS jokes, often, though, Fielding fell back on fart jokes, jected moon, the acting MC for the night. Too- timed cues between himself and a giant pro- a real job and frequently giggled at the mis- ously. He poked fun at his flat nose, his lack of Fielding's inability to take himself too seri- The show was (barely) held together by and news of a pregnancy. They sang, they danced, and the first half ended.

drag — along with the offending triangle

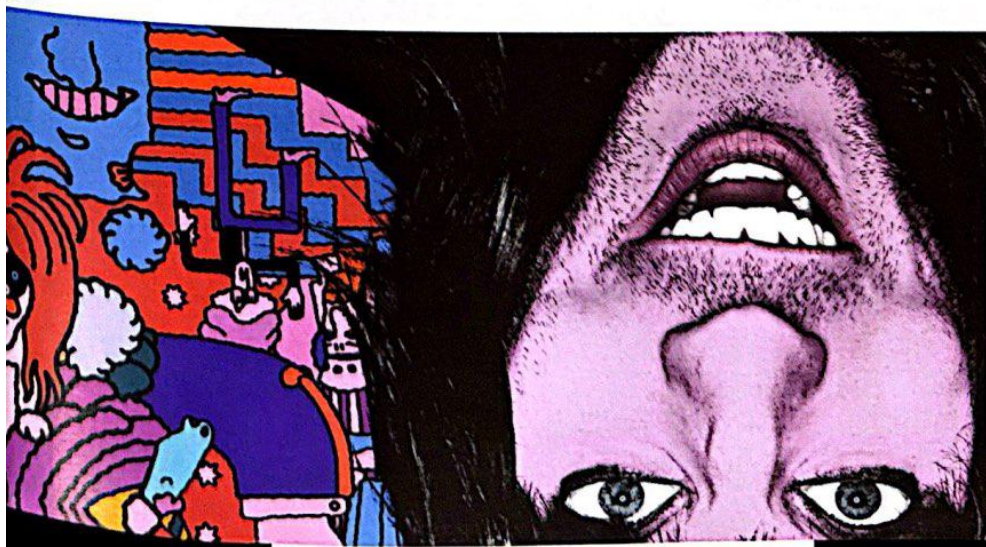
— his younger brother Michael dressed in precise. His 'wife' Felicity then appeared affair — with a triangle. An isosceles, to be to the audience that his wife was having an ous turn as (unmarried) Fielding announced the show. Sort of. Then the night took a seri- dispute — it was a joke. It all made sense in piring technology, came out and settled the a concept. Then Hawk-Eye, the tennis un- deras about whether his joke was a joke or chicken boy and argued with Antonio Ban- storyteller. Then Noel pretended to be a broke out of his screen and urinated on his in a whimsical plasticine world, before Joey Then we heard a story about Joey Ramone back — in the cupboard of Diego Maradona. — part of the herbal gang, hanging out the prolonged dream in which he was a teabag that's just a word") before moving on to a hope you guys have Nando's here, otherwise Nando's appearing in the jungle ("I really was told tales of monkeys in houses and — emphasis on 'relatively'. The audience and the first half was relatively straightforward

dressed hero in the flesh. awaiting the chance to catch their well- with legions of *Mighty Boosh* fans eagerly hottest tickets of this year's Comedy Festival. An Evening with Noel Fielding was one of the Cave, this was probably your only chance. reverse minotaur with the head of a Nick Bowie be blown apart by the fart of a IF YOU EVER WANTED TO SEE A CARTOON DAVID

## AN EVENING WITH NOEL FIELDING

COMEDY REVIEW

COMEDY





"AN OLD CINEMA TURNED CONCERT SETTING, IT WAS PLEASANTLY QUAIN, CREATING A SENSE OF NOSTALGIA THAT WAS ONLY COMPOUNDED BY THE AMUSING GRAPHICS DISPLAYED ON SCREENS BEHIND THE BAND. COMPLETE WITH LEAPING DOLPHINS AND PURPLE FLAMES, I FELT LIKE I HAD BEEN TRANSPORTED BACK TO 1998."

REVIEW BY ANA HARRIS

This review: 5/10, misses the point, too many generic buzzwords.

Jarvis McDell: 8/10, a deputy fly honey, sings well, would invite around for dinner.

Twelves: 6/10, loud and screechy, but props for enthusiasm and commitment to selves.

Dio Murr: 2/10, shut chat, would not recommend.

It's true that good things come to those who wait.

...later, Charlie managed a cute photo and some banter with Jamie.

On the front of the line, pushing in front of us might add, for individual autographs and

checked in.

...eipno

quick report, "It's a shame you think that, but

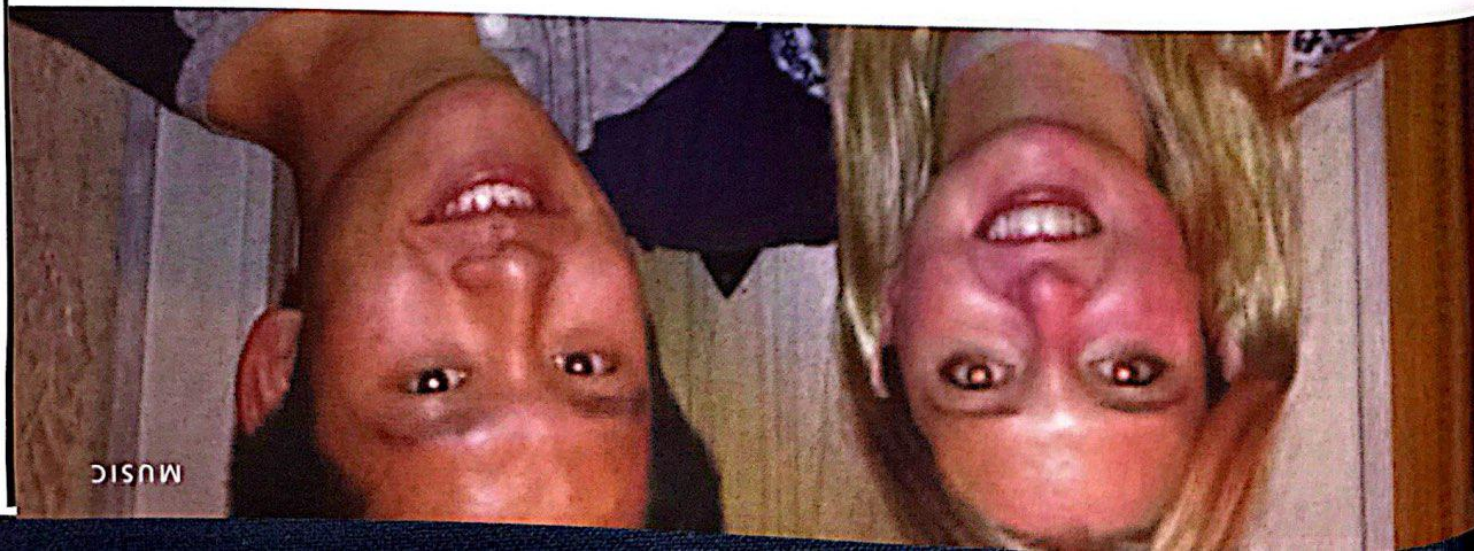
The best anecdote of the evening was Charlie's insistence on sticking around for a photo with Jamie at the end of the show. Sam had popped outside for a well-deserved duff, so I was roped into playing photographer. We waited, and we waited, and we waited some more. We were nearly at the front of the line when, out of nowhere, we were accosted by what we could only assume was a Dio Mum. She had bleached blond hair and was in surprisingly good shape for her advanced years. Virtually trothing at the mouth, she rabidly proclaimed that we had been "pushing small children out of the way to get to the front of the line". She said we had been very rude. It's true, we lowered head and shoulders above the "Twelves", but Charlie had consciously kept both elbows close to his body the entire time, allowing them to stream past him like salmon in breeding season. He fired back a

The thronging mass of twelves was definitely made up for by the extremely reasonable ticket price, \$28.20, as well as the venue itself. Crystal Palace Theatre was the perfect combination of spacious yet intimate. An old cinema turned concert setting, it was pleasantly quaint, creating a sense of nostalgia that was only compounded by the amusing graphics displayed on screens behind the band. Complete with leaping dolphins and purple flames, I felt like I had been transported back to 1998.

ATTENDING A JAMIE McDELT CONCERT IS not my idea of a typical Saturday night. The first point of difference was that my two friends and I rocked up to the event stone-cold sober. Although unplanned and out of character, this actually worked out rather well for us. Given the relative age of the other hardcore fans, arriving in a state of inebriation would have been a little inappropriate. Our first mistake of the evening was failing to spot the telling 'All Ages' stipulation on the ticket. Of course, 'All Ages' is really just a poorly disguised euphemism. What it should've read was 'Recommended for participants under the age of 16 and their parents'. Fortunately for us, we were neither of these things. Unfortunately for us, virtually everyone else at the concert was. As we sat listening to the opening act, we noted the tiny people in nappies rolling up and down the aisle, and the pre-teen girls taking constant snapshots. They knew we were imposters. What's worse, they knew that we knew that they knew. Chalie affectionately dubbed them 'twelves', while Sam rocked out to the beat.

## CONCERT REVIEW

JAMIE MCDELL IN  
TWELVE HEAVEN





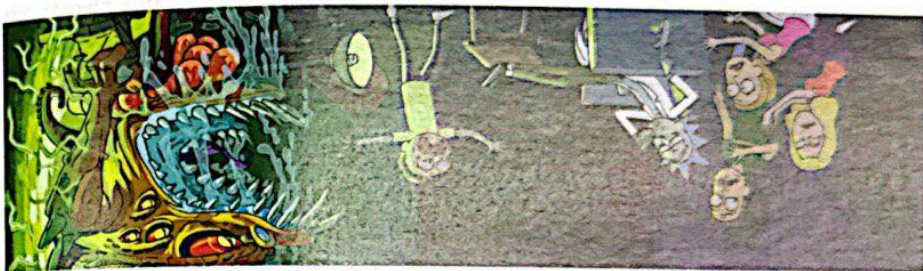
REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK

The other part of this show's appeal is that it is just completely manic. Nothing is off limits. One episode has Rick and Morty accidentally turning everyone in the world into nightmarish Cronenberg-esque creatures. In another Rick amplifies the family dog's intelligence, which leads to it taking over the world. But Harmon retains that *Community* sort of feel, allowing a glimmer of sweetness in between the sci-fi madness and body horror. There's a hefty amount of character development involved as well as a couple of bittersweet moments that are greatly intensified thanks to the surrounding chaos. Hopefully I have a few more people on board with this slice of pure madness before the show airs for its second season later this year.

Alongside Harmon, Justin Roiland also co-creates the show. He takes on the bulk of the work, doing both the animation for the show and the voice acting for Rick and Morty, which is a fantastic feat. Roiland's drawing brings a bit of light to a pretty dark and gruesome series. His design of strange and foreign worlds are especially memorable, ranging from surreal alien landscapes, to interplanetary airports and to "Anatomy Park", an amusement park inside a human body. Much of the pleasure in watching this show is gazing into the back-ground and finding a whole other world.

the first place.

stung along through Rick's insane and dangerous adventures, which are usually initiated because of Rick's own lack of responsibility in



REVIEW BY MICHAEL CLARK

half hours.

ly brightens up the lives of everyone that has been chewed up and thrown out by the city. While *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt* isn't my favourite comedy series (that place has been designated to *Community* for quite some time now), I enjoy its humour and treatment of covering cult members, especially the depiction of the media's treatment of the "mole women" and the madness of cult leader Reverend Wayne. The series, as Kayla Kumari Upadhyaya of *The A.V. Club* writes, "uses jokes to uncover smart truths". This is one of comedy's greatest assets and one that *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt* utilizes quite well throughout its first season. The show is eccentric, it's revealing, and it's very binge watchable. Watch the entire thing if you have a spare six and a

Kimmy is a strange mix of the persistent and perpetually cheerful Leslie Knope (Amy Poehler) from *Parks and Recreation* and the adorable, nerdy and socially awkward Lemon (Tina Fey) from *30 Rock*. I'm honestly not surprised by this characterisation of Kimmy. Fey and Poehler are thick as thieves so it's only natural that the characters that they play on their long-running, now ended television shows have melded into one in the form of Kimmy Schmidt. This being said, Kimmy as a character works really well, particularly in regards to the setting. Her bright and cheerful disposition contrasts the depressing undertone of New York City, which reeks of failure and crushed dreams. Kimmy constant-

takes up the position of nanny in the household of rich and eccentric trophy wife, Jacqueline Voorhees, and shares an apartment with aspiring actor Titus Andromedon.

Kimmy to restarting her life in New York. She bared with judgement and pity which leads Women" by the media, the women are born-side the bunker. Dubbed the "Indiana Mole discovered and reintroduced to a world out-fifteen years later, Kimmy and the others are bers and their leader, Reverend Wayne. Now, rest of the world with three other cult members in an underground bunker, isolated from the who was lured into a doomsday cult and kept ways-optimistic protagonist Kimmy Schmidt that of *30 Rock*. The series features the al-

ing sitcom *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt* as co-creators, Netflix's endear-

## UNBREAKABLE KIMMY SCHMIDT

TELEVISION REVIEW



just over a year ago and my uncertainty regarding the immortality of the show, I was thrilled to find that *Rick and Morty* is coming back for their second season in July. With that day drawing nearer (and one not-so-subtle *Simpsons* plug) I thought I would do this little review to get a few more people on board with this

cooky show.

Straight from the glorious mind of Dan Harmon during the nightmarishly long "fired as show-runner" period of *Community*'s life, comes an almost pastiche sci-fi animation starring Morty, an awkward but good-hearted teenager and his grandfather, Rick, a scientific genius who lacks any empathy and frequently turns to drink. Part of the show's humour comes from Morty's relationship with Rick, which is a sub-version of the relationship Doc Brown has with Marty McFly (Morty, Marty, geddit?) or maybe The Doctor with his companions. Morty gets

## RICK AND MORTY

TELEVISION REVIEW



## CAN VIDEO GAMES BE CONSIDERED 'ART'?

GAME COMMENT

**V**IDEO GAMES ARE ABSOLUTELY PHENOMENAL. They can be breathtaking in scope, imagination, delivery and vision. Ever since I was a kid they've been prominent in my life, and have actually played a large part in the way my imagination takes form. The wonderful palettes of adventure, bitterness and melancholy of great storytelling is sincerely amazing stuff. However, the big question is, do they belong in the bracket of art? I'll go through a brief history and try and get down to the smashing of the keyboards; the hard nostril snort of yet another death due to severe buffoonery; and the beauty that is gaming and where it belongs.

When video games started, of course they weren't art. They were pretty awful to be quite frank. They were rudimentary forms of entertainment. When one looks at *Pong*, they're sure as shit not going to be moved to tears. Still, better than getting a perm, or whatever else you did in the seventies. Which I guess is where gaming originated from, much like philosophy (hal); from a conquering of the mundane and moving to look for new pastimes, and new worlds to explore. However, gaming was in its infancy then, and little baby *Pong* got legs. It grew 8-bit legs at first, conquering the minds and hearts of many with ripper games like *Megaman*, *Zelda*, *Super Mario* etc. Games that I would revisit when I was a teen to understand where games evolved from; much like modern developers today.

Moving on from the kiddie wheels, gaming then moved to 16-bit. I grew up with 16-bit and 24-bit games, starting off at the middle of the exponential curve in a sense, hitting the gaming market with games like *Golden Sun*, *Fire Emblem*, and *Pokémon* on my trusty ol' Gameboy Advance SP (stands for 'Super Pimpin' in case you were wondering). These

games, as a wee lad, were seriously great. I'm not even trying to be funny here, I loved the shit out of those games. My younger cousins now have them, and they can actually piss off and give them back now. That was the first taste, for me, of an interactive story. Of consequences (a shitty *Pokémon* up against a big fuck-off *Gyarados*), accountability (perma-deaths), new worlds and adventure. This was all on a bloody Gameboy!

Now, a drama novel/novella has a similar form to an adventure game: intrigue, plot, characters, continuity of mood, resolution. I would regard excellent games as highly as I would regard an amazing novel. I didn't understand this as an eight year old, but I soon would; that gaming would actually dictate my taste of the art I like as a whole, seeing as I discovered music and reading a lot later down the track.

So in a sense, the platform and level of storytelling, and perhaps the effectiveness of the art, only increased with the technology as I grew up. *Fire Emblem* one day, then my step-brother (in the same year) showed me

*Half Life 2*, and my little mind was blown. "So that's what *Earth* will look like... Why are they all so hopeless...? Why isn't everyone like *Gordon Freeman*?" I think he showed me *Max Payne* a bit later, which is equally crazy to a young lad — "How can you get addicted to painkillers?" — but those games are so mature, real and visceral compared to the ones I played, that I was only waiting for the next jaw-dropper to arrive, another notch on the gaming world's belt of victories. And so goes my life, waiting for games that will inspire new thinking and a new outlook on the genre. There are shit games of course, as there is shit art, but just leave that, and let your own taste guide you. For example, my taste found me getting hooked on *The Witcher* series a while back (like *Fire Emblem* on serious whey) and *The Witcher 3* \*hnnnnng\*. This year is set to inspire another age of gamers and I bloody love that. So, if games can keep inspiring, influencing, and igniting passion for storytelling and the ever changing facets of human nature, then we as gamers, can indeed say we study the arts.

BY LEWIS WHEATLEY

**"THIS YEAR IS SET TO INSPIRE ANOTHER AGE OF GAMERS AND I BLOODY LOVE THAT. SO, IF GAMES CAN KEEP INSPIRING, INFLUENCING, AND IGNITING PASSION FOR STORYTELLING AND THE EVER CHANGING FACETS OF HUMAN NATURE, THEN WE AS GAMERS, CAN INDEED SAY WE STUDY THE ARTS."**



# TOP TEN

## BEST PROCRASTINATION ACTIVITIES DURING EXAM TIME

**E**XAM PERIODS ARE STRESSFUL TIMES, BUT they are also unproductive times. You can't always focus on your study because you realise that it epitomises everything that you hate in this world. Here's *Craccum* helping you get through the exam time with partial sanity but not the greatest GPA.

**10 PROCRASTI-CLEANING:** Your room is a tip throughout the year, apart from when exams loom. Only then do the half empty bowls of milky and mouldy cereal seem like a mess that should be cleaned up. Suddenly you find a stiff stain on your desk and logically you can't progress until it has been removed. Five hours and eighteen packets of used cleaning products later, the desk is clean but all your energy is spared. At least your room is ready for use tomorrow.

**9 PROCRASTI-EXERCISING:** Apparently this is a thing. What madness.

**8 PROCRASTI-SPLURGING:** It's crisis time. You just realised that you don't have enough maroon coloured chinos or clubmaster sunglasses to wear to uni for your exam. Let's be honest, your outfit to the exam is far more important than what you are writing down. That's what everyone will be looking at during the exam, not your blank exam script. Scratch the readings, spend the hours scrolling through ASOS to find the perfect hipster-esque outfit and show off where your true priorities lie.

**7 PROCRASTI-SURFING:** Ah the internet. What can (and arguably does) hold all of man's knowledge is used mainly for music, vines and cats. What starts as a quick google search of "what is economics" turns into hours of seeing cats dance, semi-relevant countdowns and Facebook stalking. You learn new things though, like what it's like for

a 30-year-old man to watch *Harry Potter* for the first time and which Taylor Swift song best represents your relationship status.

**6 PROCRASTI-BINGING:** There's no time like the present right? So why not use the present to see why *Parks and Recreation* is one of the funniest shows of the 21<sup>st</sup> century? The episodes are only 20 minutes long, that's fine. You can just watch a few, it's no big deal. Next minute, you've finished the first three seasons and committed to seeing what happens to Lesley and her team. At least what *Parks and Recreation* tells you is that you don't need a degree or the hard-working motivation to work in the public sector, so no need to worry about studying.

**5 PROCRASTI-BAKING:** You know the best thing to help you study? Sugar! And lots of it. It has no adverse effects, it just helps keep you focused and eager to study. What's one way to get all this sugar? Through baking! It's relaxing and requires skill, so it's definitely not a waste of time. Plus you can splurge on cakes, slices, biscuits, pies and many more delicious treats. Not only will this help with your study but it'll make you super popular too. Everyone will want to be your friend and friendship (and sugar) is more important than exams right? Exams are transitory, but friendship and sugar last forever.

**4 PROCRASTI-STUFFING:** Why do all that baking if you're not going to indulge in it? Take a hard earned break from reading the abstract of your required reading and indulge yourself in a slice or five of cake. Food makes everything better, it loves you more than your parents or your ex ever did. Food understands you, and you understand food (at least far better than your Art History course). It's time to channel your energy into

a positive relationship: eating, rather than something you will forget 5 minutes outside the exam room.

**3 PROCRASTI-NAPPING:** Studying is exhausting. There's the heaviness of lugging your textbooks around, the long days of re-reading the same page and the stiff wrist from excessive highlighting. You can't be productive when you're so overworked, so you may as well take a nap or three. That way your brain can have adequate rests from the overwhelming work of studying for your graded paper.

**2 PROCRASTI-BATING:** Studying can get you stressed and all high strung. Everything's tense, so much is at stake: your GPA, your entire career, your place in the afterlife. With so much on your mind, you need to relax and let loose every now and then. So it's time to rub one out. Be the master of your domain. Have a date with Palmela Handerson. Make it snow. Be Donald Trump firing his apprentice. Just do it your way.

**1 PROCRASTI-CRYING:** There's that time in exam period when you realised maybe skipping every lecture because there was a recording probably wasn't the best idea. Or not doing the reading because there a re-run of *The Shawshank Redemption* on wasn't the best choice. It's the night before and you know nothing and there's nothing left to do but cry. Let the tears out, send a stressful snapchat out, make a status saying "feeling sad and hopeless". You'll feel better for it afterwards. But don't worry, if your lack of work doesn't work out for you, you can just have another shot at it next semester when you repeat the course.

BY MATTHEW DENTON

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**Across**

1. Contributor of the Week
2. What is the legislative capital of South Africa?
3. First name of the winner of X Factor
4. What spread has Cadbury included in a new flavour of chocolate?
5. The lady fighting the courts for her right to assisted suicide is dying from what type of cancer?

**Down**

1. Who writes Invidious?
2. Bevan's first part on economic inequality was about what?
3. Where did Captain Bacon and Sergeant Spinach go for their caffeine this week?

4. Charlie Lin, our Disputes Manager got a photo with which famous NZ singer?
5. Which of the two ministers featured in the magazine is the Minister for ACC?

6. The colour and surname of author of *The Fault in Our Stars*
7. Futuristic cartoon with a family which had a robot as a maid

8. Which film festival closed last week?

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# The People to Blame

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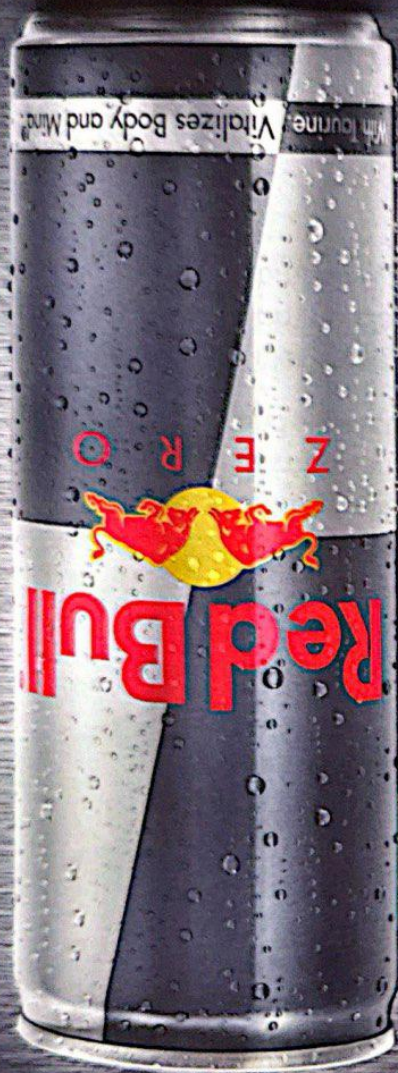


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